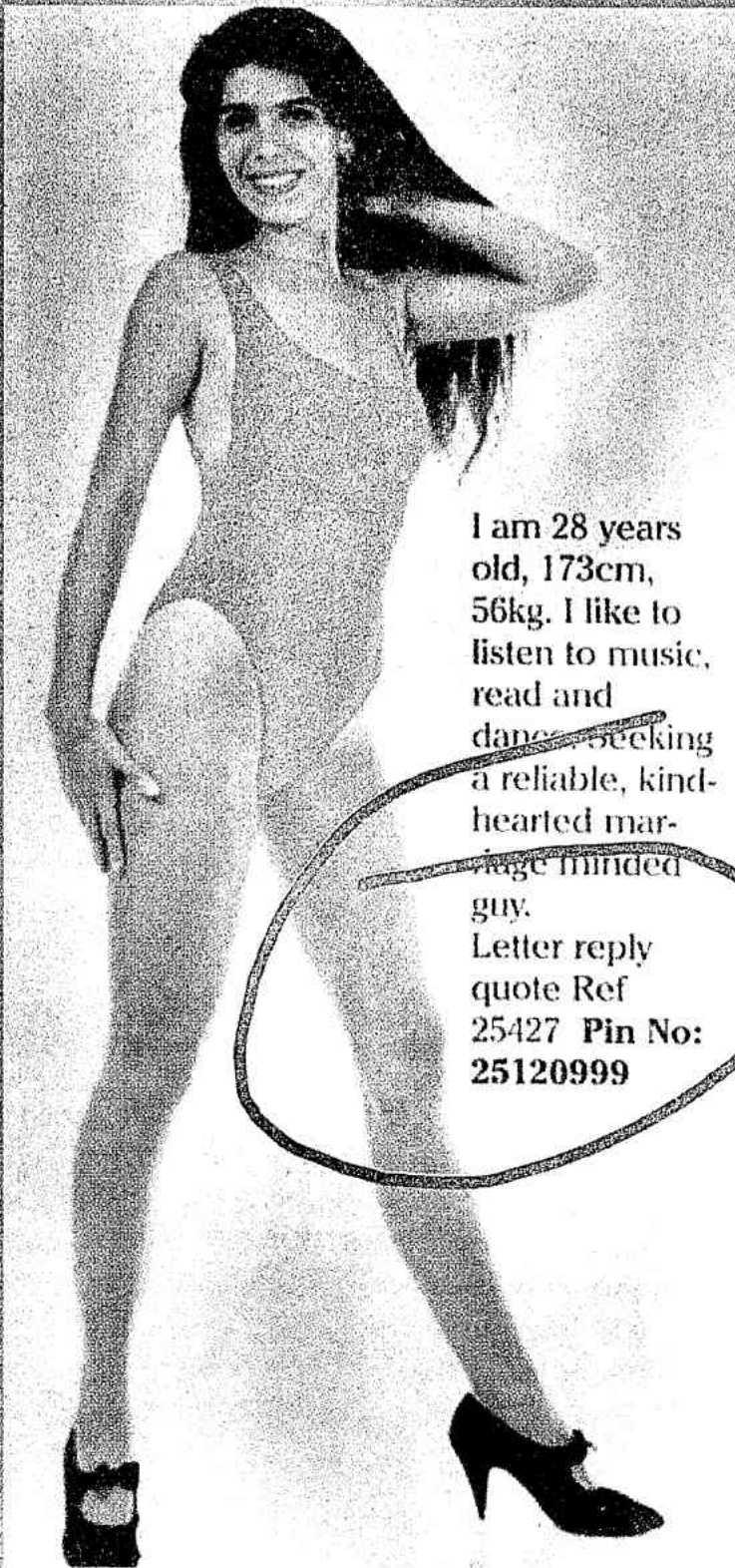
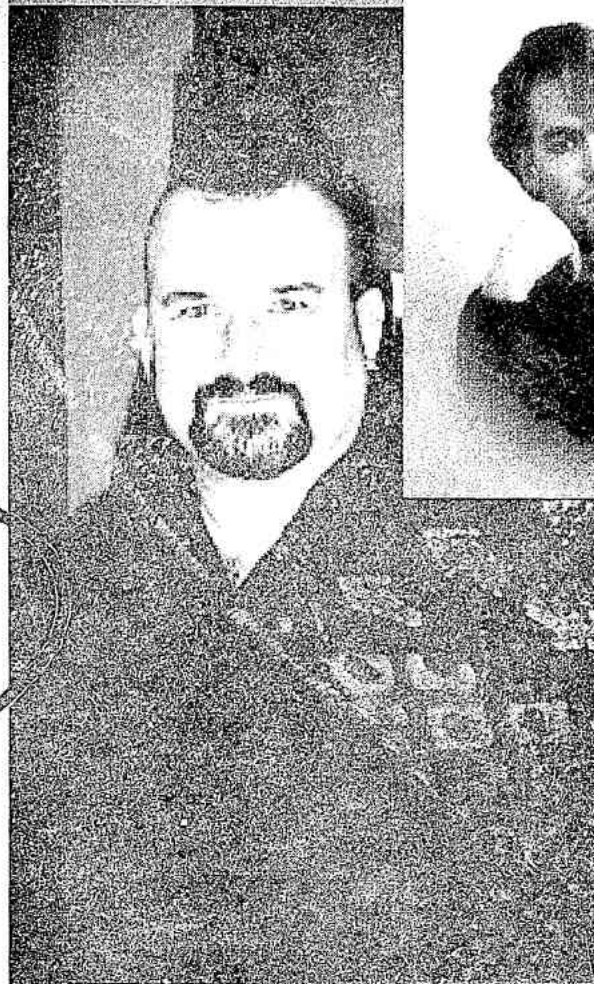


woroni

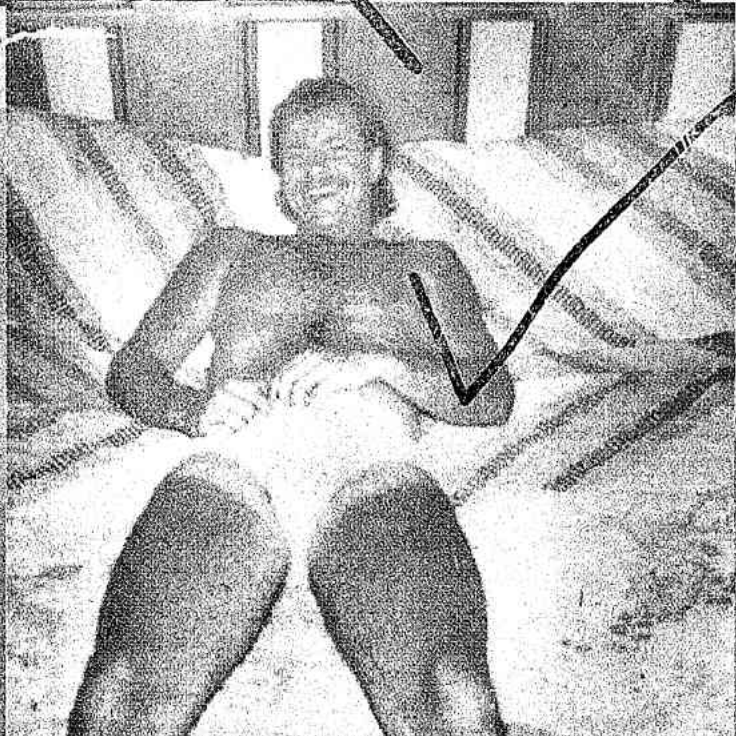
Volume 50, Edition 7, August 1998



I am 28 years old, 173cm, 56kg. I like to listen to music, read and dance. Seeking a reliable, kind-hearted marriage-minded guy. Letter reply quote Ref 25427 Pin No: 25120999



I am an easy-going, friendly, care-within myself, career minded y.o, 178cm tall, of athletic build and dark brown hair. I am a pilot and I travel throughout the world. Interests and hobbies are aerobics (aerobics instructor) martial arts, movies, horse riding, scuba diving, general outdoor activities, and dining out. I am looking for a lady 18 to 31 y.o, understanding and fun. Someone who likes to travel and going out, travelling to enjoy the best life has to offer. What you read and see please write a letter. I will answer by letter. Letter reply quote Ref: 25120999



173cm tall, 70kg. Collector for stamps. Non-smoker, non-drinker. International. 35-42 yrs. Someone who likes to travel. Letter reply



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23 MAR 1999

Internet personal columns Bush Week and scav hunt Subcultcha?

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FOR STUDENTS**

The Sydney Morning Herald

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 14, 1998

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4

hello

Guess who *Woroni* hates this issue... plus win free stuff and join our quest to rid the world of Stuart Diver

news

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Do you care that ANU affiliated to NUS? Cuts to the ITA, Blue Stocking Week goes off, and peeping toms violate our campus.

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letters

Oh shit, things are getting even uglier... read what people really think of *Woroni*.

race

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Still no one has volunteered to do Race around Canberra. Wanna give it a go? Drop by the *Woroni* office and get going. Until then we fill this space with adverts.

entertainment

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More music, more books and more movies. Read all about it. And win some cds too.

what's on

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WIN WIN WIN tickets to *Barber of Seville*, *The Threepenny Opera* reviewed (yay), hear all about the AFI awards, and get the drill on the Drill Hall Gallery.

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society

Sample the delights of Turkish food and Mother's best ever chocolate brownies. And an article takes us to ravishing Jabiluka.

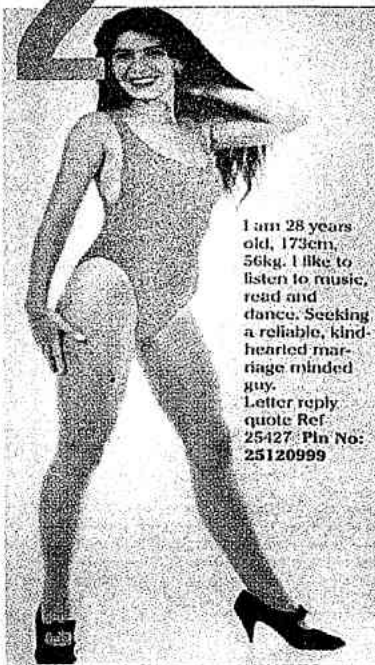
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The boss of Heaven nightclub gets intimate with *Woroni* and Easter Sunday keeps on whingeing.

woroni

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I am 28 years old, 173cm, 56kg. I like to listen to music, read and dance. Seeking a reliable, kind-hearted marriage minded guy. Letter reply quote Ref: 25127 Pin No: 25120999

Got a hankerin' to get intimate with someone you've never met? Want a good laugh at the expense of some poor desperado who can't get a root? The Internet and its millions of personal columns is the answer. Rolando Fairview navigates you through this seedy but lovable world, in search of love and lust.

15



Bush Week. Loving it. It's ANU's famous week of alcohol, good times and pissed Forestry students, and the best part is you get Friday off. So what's it all about? — bushes of course. Get all the info on what's happening and of course, the list for the Scavenger Hunt.

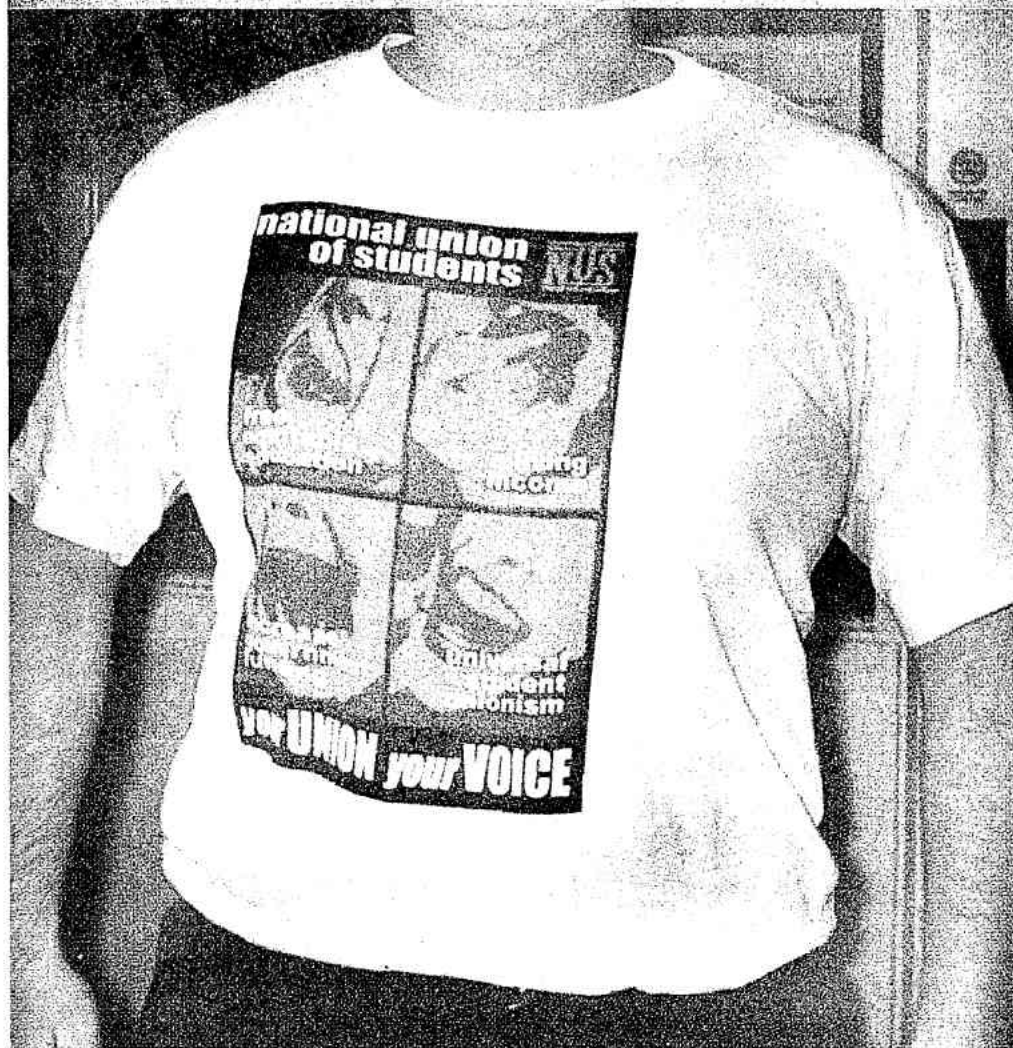
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Canberra subcultures: Punks, computer geeks and student journos make up but three of the diverse range of masochists who populate your city. Sam Upritchard, member of every subculture imaginable, examines what it means to be interesting and different in the dullest city around.

contents

woroni hates you



NUS

Round the *Woroni* office like a beached sperm whale, I lie on the sand of meaningless, my obnoxiousness is beyond belief whilst I wait for death to claim my petty life. My existence is nothing but a series of meaningless rallies whose efficacy, when tallied, offers absolutely no estimable weight. Who am I? I am a professional supporter of NUS and I just pissed off everyone for two weeks straight. Thank god all that shits over. For what seemed like an eternity, nerds specially shipped in from other cities (to think we didn't have enough of our own), flounced around and pushed me to the edge of my volatile temper.

Apart from the question of the general worth of NUS (my favourite was the claim that "we have been successful in opposing up-front fees". Well I've been successful in opposing the popularity of Mad About You but at least I haven't formed a fucking club to support me) do you have any idea what the people are like who run this thing? Remember those kids you went to school with who ate Clag, forgot to wear underwear and called the teacher "mummy", well take a step back and look at the big picture because the monkeys are now running the zoo. At least if NUS was run by MrT, Greg Matthews and Flavva Flav it would be entertaining. The only entertainment you'll get from the current crop is a cruel laugh at the micro-personalities and macro-figures. Go to Hell NUS. Now you've won will you at least stop tossing one another off in public. Sometimes I wish this was Iran.

woroni

issue 7, volume 50

anu students' association

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& Easter Sunday

no thanks to

those fucking NUS wankers

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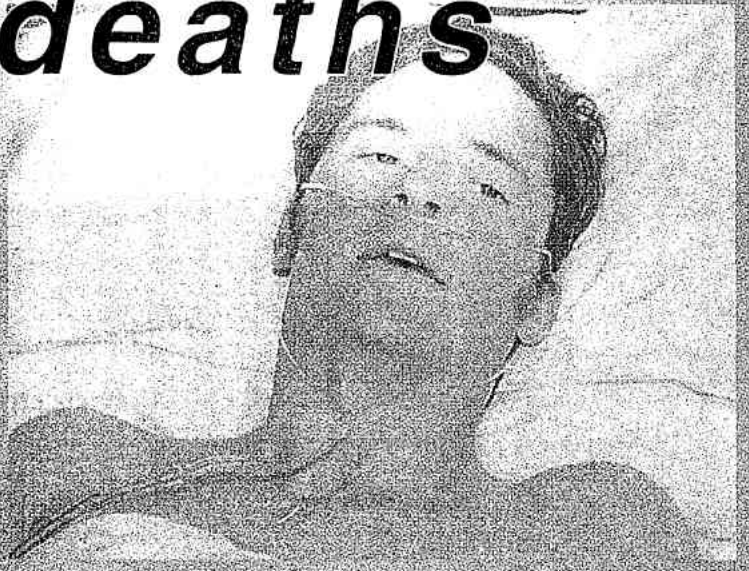
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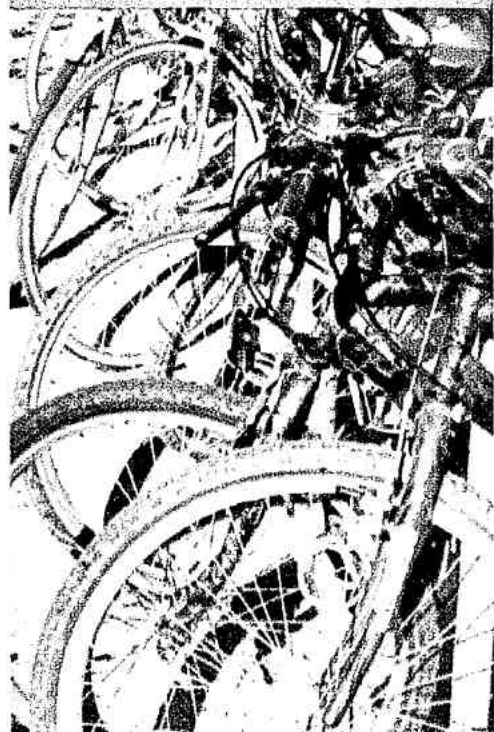
celebrity deaths

So Stuart Diver would rather have died at Thredbo, huh? Well we at *Woroni* would like to concur and, in addition, offer our unqualified support to Stuart in his continuing efforts to achieve this aim. Just as Stuart managed to raise his arm and brush the rubble to sign a deal with Channel Seven as an, errr, "Special" reporter, *Woroni* has dived to the bottom of the taste barrel in our efforts to leave no piece of smouldering rubble unturned in a society where having bricks dropped on your melon immediately converts to dollar signs. Look at poor little Stuart. So rosy cheeked and spunky

So sporty and virile. Surely a national hero! Nup. Not in our books. drop dead Stuart and please, please, please take Anne Fullwood with you this time.



click



King Lear

competition

Woroni has an exciting competition for our avid readers. Yes, you can WIN WIN WIN tickets to see the new Bell production of King Lear. We have two double passes to give away to the preview performance, and because tickets are very nearly sold out we feel totally comfortable asking you all to make ridiculous fools of yourselves. So if you want to win tickets, come into the *Woroni* office in some element of costume, and recite something Shakespearian. The best, or most ridiculous performers win. The Bell production opens on August 21st, and the theatre company is offering students \$20 tickets. It promises to be a good production, so even if you don't win, try to get yourself there.

who's THAT girl



Boarded All last year, this year

CRANK
magazine

presents

SNOWFEST

BOARDING... BANDS... BREAKING...

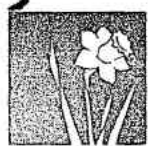
...BEATS... BABES... B.A.S.E. DIVING...

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 5



11am - 5pm

98



Cancer Council



Toe to Toe - Front End Loader - Game Over
Melancholy - Brethren - Sobriquet - N.S.A.
Fathom - Hard Ons - Area 7

DJ Ask

DJ Steve

DJ Johnny Gleeson

Digital Kitchen

+ Kiel Kost

Tickets: \$15 or \$70 with a Thredbo day pass. Available at venue, through TICKETEK - Phone charge bookings apply, call 02 9266 4800 or at selected retail outlets. Proceeds go to the Australia Cancer Council

After Party- Lake Jindabyne Hotel that night! Cool

ANU Says 'Yes!' to NUS

By Daniel Heard

The Australian National University has voted to affiliate with the National Union of Students in a 4-day long referendum.



Of 1775 votes cast, there were 982 yes votes, 788 no votes and 5 informal. The referendum result followed

weeks of intense campaigning from both pro and anti NUS groups. After the campaign's conclusion, the feeling of relief was so strong that after the result was announced, ANUSA General Secretary Jason Wood led a NUS undie-run through Union Court.

Harry Greenwell, Students' Association president and pro-NUS cam-

paigner, stated "I can well understand people being fed up with all the propaganda, but once you decide to support a cause you really have no other option. Not many people vote because you leave them alone."

The leaflets and speeches were a necessity, said Harry. "We have no good, efficient mechanism for communicating with the student body as a whole, so leaflets and speeches were our only avenues."

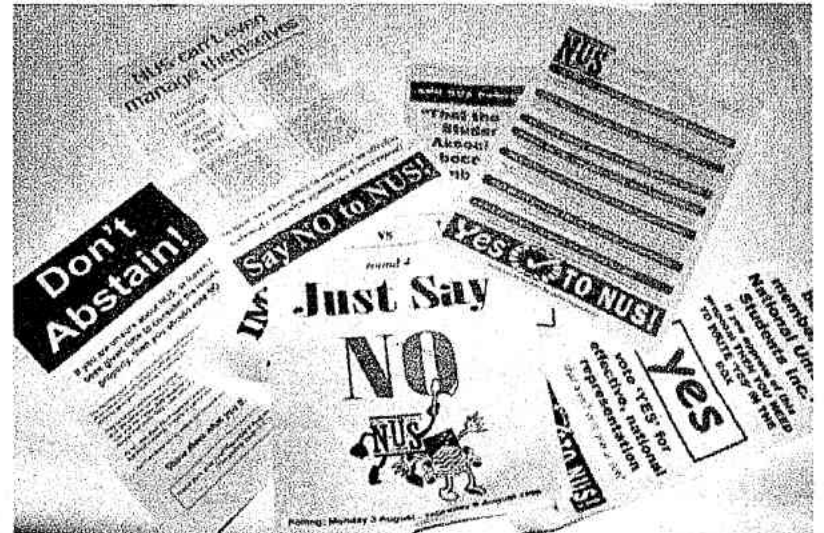
The information provided in the propaganda of both sides was often misleading or untrue.

"I think the campaign was one of the dirtier ones we've had. Both sides could have been more restrained at times, and it was good that things didn't flare up any more than they did," said Harry.

"Some of the claims made by the anti-NUS supporters were taken out of context or simply missing important information. For example, although NUS's general secretary was prosecuted for fraud, they failed to mention he was prosecuted by the NUS."

The claims over NUS's level of expenditure on education programs were also only partly true. "Each of NUS's individual branches run education programs out of their individual funding, which doesn't show on the annual NUS budget. And the claims that NUS is facing criminal charges are simply untrue," said Harry.

The pro-NUS camp was just as



(Above) Just some of the crap thrust upon people innocently walking through Union Court at referendum time.

guilty of misinformation, however.

"I think our biggest error was the posters claiming NUS membership was free, because people felt this was glib and misleading."

Figures quoted for NUS affiliation varied widely, with claims ranging from \$15 199 to \$55 000.

"The affiliation fee is \$4.80 per Equivalent Full-time Student Unit, which comes to just over \$30 000 for ANU. However, since we will only be affiliated for second semester, we will pay half that fee."

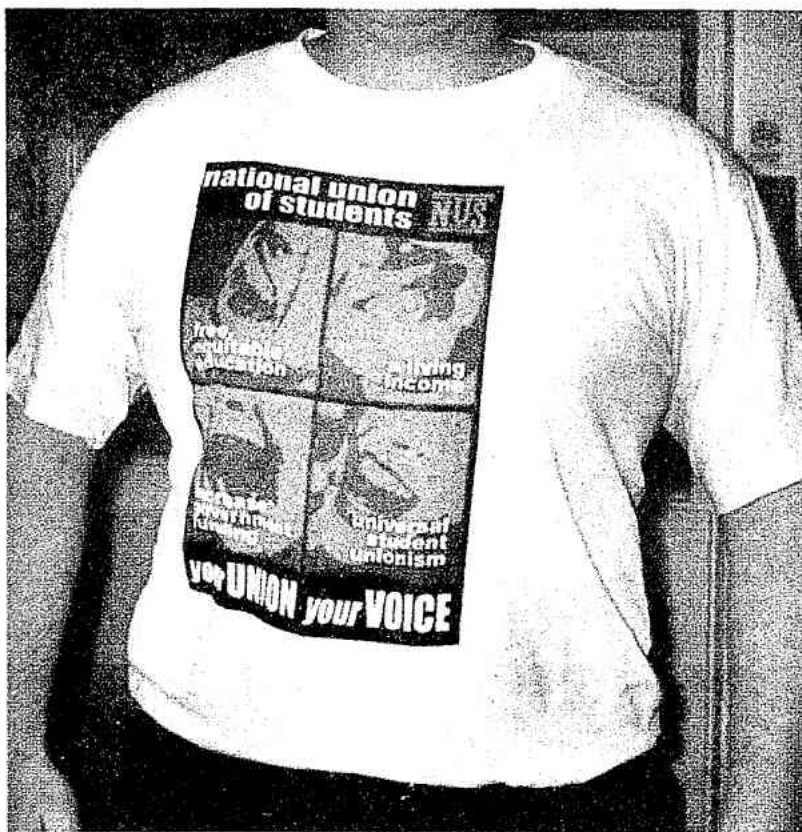
However, 1/3 of each university's NUS affiliation fee goes to their NUS state branch. Since there is no NUS state branch in the ACT or Northern Territory, the SA will be campaigning against

ANU having to pay that part of the fee.

"The money will come out of the GSF, which is fixed for the next three years...I think the argument for continuing to pay from the contingency fund is a strong one, however, so it's my hope that that will be the case," said Harry. The source for this year's affiliation fee has yet to be decided.

ANU's affiliation will help support his position as student association president, Harry said. "I think it will help, because one thing NUS is very good at is providing research and information."

"I think it was a shame we couldn't have had more debate on subjects the no campaigners actually believed in...rather than the minutiae of how the NUS spends its money" Harry said.



(Above) This ample chest puffs with pride at the NUS referendum result

Fight for ItA plays on

Supp exams 'damn scary'

by Michael Cook

Music may be the food of love, but it can also sustain outrage and anger. Over the past weeks, students and staff of the Institute of the Arts (ItA) and the ANU have rallied against severe budget cuts to the Institute, through a unique blend of musical and artistic protest.



Without warning, ACT Chief Minister Kate Carnell's Budget cut \$1.6 million from ItA funding — the entire ACT Government contribution — phased over the next two years. ItA students and staff responded by launching a "buskathon" protest, culminating in a loud (but harmonious) demonstration during the Legislative Assembly Estimates Committee (which scrutinises the budget).

The musical protesters included jazz combos, a full orchestra, and a feisty bagpiper. All established themselves directly in front of the Legislative Assembly doors, ensuring their presence was felt throughout the week. Toby Foskett, conductor of the orchestra, believes the musical message was received by those inside. "I've heard that inside they wish we could play here all the time — but we'll only be able to play in the community if they maintain funding," said Mr Foskett. "It's up to them, but we're showing them how much they'll be missing!"

In the Estimates Committee, Heads

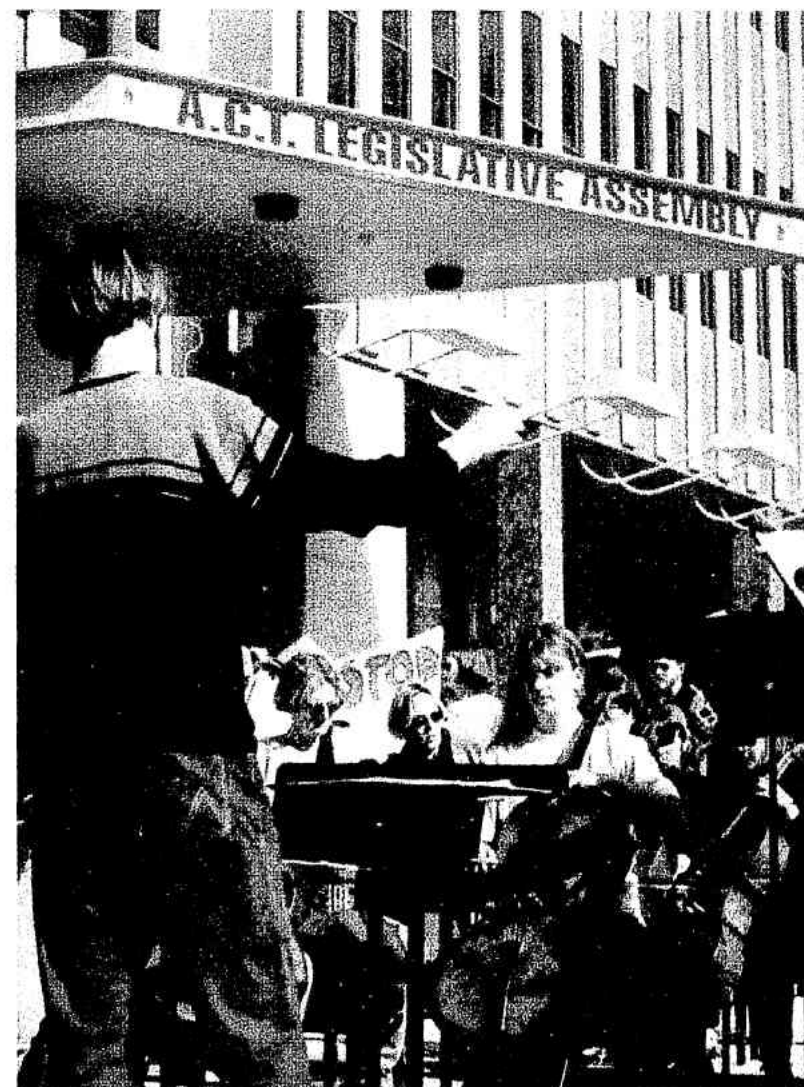
of the Schools of Music and Art, Professors David Williams and Nicolette Fraillon, were subjected to a vicious attack by Liberal MLA Harold Hird. The MLA accused Professor Fraillon of lying over Commonwealth funding (a statement he later withdrew after shown to be wrong), and repeatedly interrupted the Heads as they tried to answer questions.

Some onlookers speculated that Hird was acting as "Carnell's attack-dog" in an attempt to justify the cut. Mr Hird's behaviour was condemned by other members of the Committee, but defended by Mrs Carnell. Wayne Berry, Labor MLA and Committee member, later sent a letter of apology to the Heads on behalf of the Committee. He also informed demonstrators that during the Budget Estimates Hearings government members demonstrated "an appalling lack of understanding of the importance of the Arts community to Canberra."

"Kate Carnell has not made out her case for these cuts," said Mr Berry. "I don't think she can. I'm amazed at the stupidity of it all."

Kerry Tucker MLA, another Committee member, also called for Mrs Carnell to resign as Arts Minister. "She's clearly not up to it," Ms Tucker said.

As the Estimates Committee ended, an invoice was presented to acting Speaker of the Assembly, Bill Wood, "for artistic and musical services rendered" over the preceding weeks. It came to \$1.6 million.



(Above) In a very cultured and civilised way, the ItA orchestra tells Kate Carnell where she can shove her budget cuts. photo: Michael Cook

by Chris Davies

The introduction of supplementary exams in first semester, for those who narrowly failed a course, has provoked both relief and annoyance from ANU students.

An initiative by the ANU Students' Association, supplementary exams have remained in the "proposal stage" for about three years. Some faculties, especially Economics and Commerce, delayed the introduction of the system for political and ideological reasons.

Now, however, students who fail a unit by five points or less after going into the final exam on a pass grade, can choose to re-sit an exam. Those who pass receive a modified Pass grade for the unit.

Steve (not his real name), a law student, was grateful for the chance to avoid re-doing a unit he originally failed. "I can tell you right now, there was no way I was going back into Principles of International Law," he said, "so hopefully I won't have to. I think this system is brilliant."

Others were less sure of the benefits of supplementary exams. Nick, an Arts student, was hesitant to endorse the system in its current form. "Yeah I failed, but rescheduling exams for weeks early in the new semester isn't so great," he said. "Basically, in the hope of passing last semester I'm studying that old stuff, and am falling way behind in this term's work."

Blue Stockings Break Barriers

by Chabelle Kingston

Many female students and staff of the ANU have just participated in Blue Stocking Week, a celebration of women in academia. This year's theme for the Week was "Women have a role in public life, but can also have fun."

The large turnout for events encouraged ANU Women's Officer Kate Harriden. "It was great to see so many women on campus come and celebrate women's achievements, and recognise what still needs to be done," Kate said.



"From picking up a simple bag to coming along, or DJing, at the dance night, the females on campus showed they were interested in this issue."

The Blue Stocking Week Convenor Chris Purcell, and the Women's Officer, organised a series of events to cater to all tastes. The clear favourite was the Bellydancing courses held throughout the week.

And at all events, blue stockings were seen in abundance. "We cleared Canberra shops out of blue stockings," Kate said. "110 from GoLo and 350 from Woolies!"

End of mysterious era

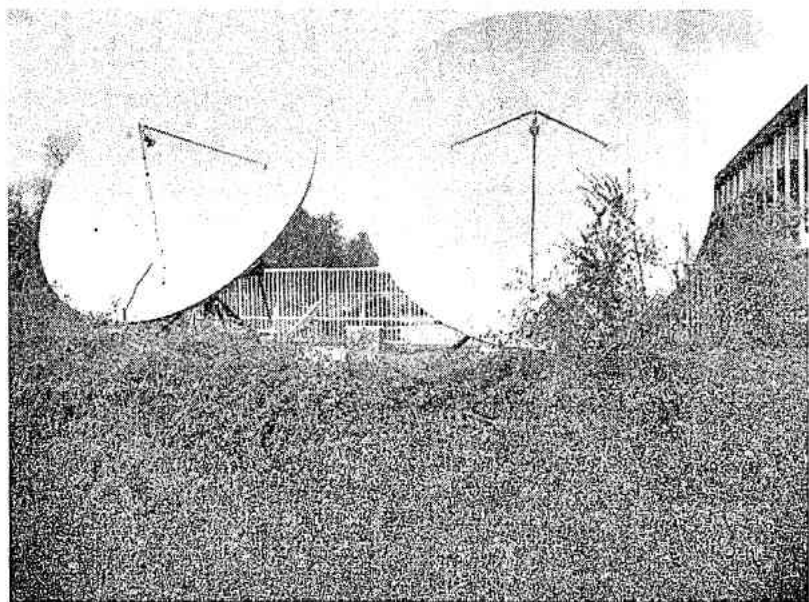
by Kianna Lafferty

Students have been curious about the weird satellite dishes that stand directly over union court for as long as ANU has been in existence. Are they a part of the university's link to the extraterrestrial world? Or are they just big plates? The intrigue surrounding the two dishes outside Chifley library has unexpectedly intensified over the week-end.

Bystanders watched in alarm as the two dishes were swiftly dissembled by a pack of professionals who bore an uncanny resemblance to CIA agents—and one of the workmen even admitted the possibility of CIA involvement. His su-

pervisor was quick to silence him and insisted that the dishes were nothing more than television receivers.

It has been confirmed by an outside source that the satellite dishes are being shipped to New Zealand. Apparently the dishes cannot stay at the ANU because of plans to erect a new building on the mysterious site. But many questions remain unanswered: why can't the New Zealanders get their own satellite dishes? Will all TVs on campus go fuzzy now that the guiding satellites have gone? This reporter doesn't know yet, but rest assured, *Woroni* will follow the story to the bitter end.



(Above) No longer will the Vice Chancellor receive the 24 hour Euro-Porn Channel

Lions Orators thrill crowd

by Matt Tinning

The great human values of truth, righteousness, peace, love and non-violence may not have been ubiquitous on campus during NUS referendum week, but they did provide inspiration for the finalists in the fourth annual Lions Oratory Contest. Eight ANU students delivered orations focussing on great women and men of history, whose adherence to these values had made them worthy of respect and emulation.

The judges awarded the \$1,000 first prize to Mark Thompson, who delivered a humorous and insightful speech about the Agoni writer and activist Ken Saro-Wiwa. Mark highlighted the considerable impact the writing of Ken Saro-Wiwa had upon global perceptions of the activities of the Nigerian military regime, concluding that we



should not underestimate the power of the pen. Second place was won by Lynn Kemmis, who gave a moving account of the courageous life of Aboriginal author Roberta Sykes. Through her autobiography, and her biographies of various other indigenous Australians, Lynn pointed out that Sykes was making an important contribution to Australian society by exposing an aspect of our history so widely misunderstood and so often neglected.

An award made available for the first time in 1998 was the people's choice award, and on this occasion the audience differed from the judges, selecting Olivia Widjaya's account of Leo Tolstoy's commitment to peace and non-violence as the stand-out oration. Olivia also won third prize from the judging panel. Other figures of history who inspired competitors included Eddie Mabo, and Aung San Suu Kyi.

Ceremony 'cleanses' Acton

by Michael Cook

Aboriginal elders have conducted a 'smoke-cleansing' ceremony on the Acton peninsula, on the grounds of the now-demolished Royal Canberra Hospital and future site of the Museum of Australia.

Over 400 guests of the local Ngunnawal people came from around Australia to participate in the spiritual purification. The guests included Lois O'Donoghue, former commissioner of ATSIC, and Tjandamarra O'Shane. ANU students also participated.

The site demanded such cleansing after the deaths at the hospital and the tragedy of the hospital implosion, where a girl died from flying debris.

Under Ngunnawal custom, the house of a dead person is burned to liberate the spirit. This ritual is now one of 'smoking' — dense smoke both allows the spirits to depart, and creates a clean beginning for those who will use the area in the future.

Amanda Myers, from the Australian Institute of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders Studies, and the Administrative Officer of the ceremony, felt the day was beautiful and successful.

"Aboriginal people were there from all parts of Australia and the Torres Strait, making it a truly national event," said Ms Myers. "Everyone could feel the significance of the event."

The fires slowly burnt throughout the day, often immersing the dancers in dense white smoke. Each was fire was linked by sacred river stones, which were also placed in piles to represent the babies born on the site.

"Before the Prime Minister could turn the first sod for the Museum of Australia — in many ways a ceremony for the future — it was important for us all that the Peninsula's history be acknowledged," said Ms Myers. "This is the appropriate ending for one phase, and a joyous beginning for another."



(Above) Children watch Ngunnawal dancers purify the Peninsula

Prowling peeping toms provoke safety program

by Josie Mackay-sim

In the last six months there have been seven assaults on campus, 12 reported incidents of Peeping Toms and prowlers, 52 thefts, and 29 reports of 'break and entry' into vehicles. According to Alex Chrissy, Manager of Security Services on campus, these figures probably represent only about 40% of actual criminal incidents on campus, as many go unreported. Women would appear to be particularly at risk — over 65% of the reported 'personal safety incidents' were directed at women.

In response to these alarming figures, which are higher than crime figures at regional Australian universities, although lower than comparable city universities, the ANU is launching the "Unisafe" campaign. The campaign is an effort to reduce such incidents and raise awareness around the university. \$25,000 from the 'Facilities and Services' annual budget has been allocated over the next year to be spent on posters, brochures, and key rings. A major focus of the campaign is to encourage students to take responsibility for their own safety, by using the lighted paths after dark, and being aware of available services such as Brian's Bus and emer-

gency phones.

Students living in the Halls of Residence will also be encouraged to pre-plan the potentially treacherous trip home after a 'big night out', as patrolling Security guards on a weekly basis find themselves rousing late night revellers, asleep (or comatose) in frosty ANU gutters.

As the nights get colder, the Security Services are increasingly called upon to eject derelicts and others who wander into the campus in search of warm places to sleep. Last week the toilet block near Psychology and Physics, refurbished at a cost of \$30,000, was vandalized when a fire was lit in it. Petty vandalism rises dramatically over school breaks, often the result of teenage gangs.

Mr Chrissy encourages students to come forward and report incidences of crime on campus. He emphasizes that it is left up to the student concerned to decide whether they would then like to contact the Australian Federal Police to press charges. "We're here to help students", he said.

The Unisafe Campaign begins in September.

in brief

by Carl Nicholls and Omar Singh

Prez. Fights for Rental Rights

The ANU Finance Committee is likely to approve an increase in the "corpus funds" used for the Accommodation Bursary Scheme. The proposal to increase the funds was forwarded by the SA President Harry Greenwell and Post Graduate Bernard Rolfe after it was announced, early this year, that the Rental Assistance Scheme would probably be discontinued.

The SA President's proposal will aid many of the students who would have suffered through the removal of the scheme.

Unco Endangers Life

A cyclist threw himself off his bicycle after 30km/hr after the August 7 ANU Film Club Night. Matthew

of Burton and Garran Hall, attempted to change gears whilst riding down the Law School road. In what one bystander called "an act of almost suicidal lunacy" Mr [redacted] leapt off his handlebars in front of an oncoming car, which miraculously stopped in time.

Mr [redacted] who sustained a badly broken collarbone in the accident, was driven to hospital muttering about how he "wouldn't be able to go rockclimbing tomorrow."

Woroni "No!" to NUS mess

Woroni editors were dismayed after re-entering their office to produce issue 7: between issues, the space had been converted into the NUS campaign room.

The once-pristine office was left besmeared with food and NUS propaganda; NUS leaflets were spread throughout the office, and a dead potted plant was uprooted.

Katie Fraser, co-editor-in-chief, said she was horrified. "It's just been very traumatic," she said. "I've never seen this office in such shape."

The other editor-in-chief, Brendan Shanahan, was too traumatised to talk. Daniel Landon, Features Editor, read from a prepared statement and refused to answer questions. "It's an outrage," he said, wiping away tears.

Wild Ride with Real Wild Child

A CD-Rom commemorating the Australian rock music industry has just been released. *Real Wild Child: Australian rock music 1950s-90s* was produced by a consortium including Triple J and Mushroom Pictures. The CD-Rom's surreal landscape was designed by artist and rock star Reg Mombassa.

Real Wild Child details the emergence of Australian rock music, and gives an overview of the key performers, musical trends and significant events in Australian rock history.

The Department of the Communications and the Arts has kindly provided 10 copies of *Real Wild Child* to *Woroni* to give away to interested ANU students. Be one of the first 10 people to the *Woroni* office to pick up your free copy.

Campus View

- 1) Have you ever placed a personal ad?
- 2) What's your favourite Bush Week event?
- 3) What have you done with all the NUS stuff you've received during the referendum?

Paul, 2nd Year Commerce



- 1) Hey - look at me!
- 2) Scav Hunt
- 3) paper airplanes

- 1) For "Someone who likes Pina Colodas / and getting caught in the rain"
- 2) Cheering at the Forestry Pewter Night.
- 3) Analysed it all extremely carefully.



Michael, stressed Woroni editor and 3rd year Arts/Law

Rob, independent NUS vote counter



- 1) I'm happily married to my first love
- 2) Never been.
- 3) Officially, I have no comment on the NUS at all.

environment department

Your Environment Officer has recently been gallivanting across the country to sunny NT, to show the student and staff support here at ANU for the blocking of the Jabiluka uranium mine in Kakadu. If you want to find out what is going on, there is a Jabiluka Action Group on campus or come and see me in the Environment office. Watch this space for further news on the Jabiluka mine and look for the article in the next *Woroni* issue on what we found out up there.

On other news, I have recently started a course called Earth Works, which is run through the CIT. The course emphasizes the importance of seeing waste not as 'unusable rubbish', but as an 'underutilized resource'. This has spurred on a passion of mine, improving the way waste is managed on campus. Recycling is not an obvious part of ANU; waste management DEFINITELY needs improving.

The first step to any environmental management process is to do an environmental audit of the issues to be addressed. Low and behold, the ANU is in the process of writing up its Envi-

ronmental Management Plan. After commissioning a postgraduate student from CRES to conduct the audit on energy and water, building design, purchasing and management of atmospheric emissions, students are in the process of doing a waste audit of ANU. The monitoring of waste at ANU will be an on-going process till about mid-October when the findings will be presented to the group drafting the report. So, PLEASE GET INVOLVED.

The opportunity is here to be part of your university's environmental management processes. If you are at all interested in assisting in the waste audit, please get your name and contact details in soon.

Another thing that you can personally play a part in is the testing of the waterway no one dares to test. Yes, our very own Sullivans Creek is going under the scientist's microscope. You can assist the ANU Water Works group and find out, if you dare, what is REALLY in our creek. Just call someone in the Students' Association or you can call or email me or drop into the Environment Office. — Emily

women's department

Greetings Warrior Princesses
What a wonderful Blue Stocking Week we just had! Thank you to everyone who participated — whether by taking a sample bag, getting involved in one of the courses or parties. The self defence course was really popular and we are still trying to organise a second course. So all of you who have their name on the list - please be patient we haven't forgotten you! Belly dancing still has some vacancies for the Tuesday 12.30 class and the Thursday 7.15pm class. If you are interested, call me (6279 8514) and we can try to work something out.

The range of activities and skills learnt during Blue Stocking Week show how women can have a strong role in public life and still have fun. Feminism doesn't mean wowserism. More women on campus are aware of how to protect themselves, others are learning that self image

is more than your body and others again learnt how to DJ! A big round of thanks must go to Chris Purcell, convenor of Blue Stocking Week for her hard work and effort. You done good!

Because our DJs did so well at the dance party, the women's office will be running regular women's DJ nights - the last Thursday of every month at Heaven. The first one will be on August 27. Look forward to seeing you there!

The women's office is also involved in some activities for the sex and health week being run by the sexuality department (see their report for more details). We

are thinking about having a reproductive rights day and are looking for your input and energy. Contact me at the office or by email <wollkeeng@hotmail.com> if you are interested in helping.

This semester we are hoping to have women's collective meeting fortnightly and a regular market day stall. The next meeting is August 24th at midday in the Rapunzel Room. See you then! - Kate



sexuality department

First off - congratulations must go to the Women's Department for organising an incredible Blue Stocking Week. If we ever get a Pride Week at the ANU, we should get Kate & Co. to organise it.

Speaking of '...Weeks' though, Sex & Health Week is coming soon. Between September 7 and 11, there will be workshops, seminars and social events centred around health and sex issues (duh!) will be running, most free of charge. The workshops confirmed so far are on BDSM (Bondage, Discipline and Sadomasochism), Safe Raging, Sex Addiction and Child Development for Parents of Young Children. Some uni residences will also be running free seminars on safe drug use and safe sex. The week comes to an end with a backstage tour of Canberra's Sex Industry. The 'Love Bus' is run by the EROS Foundation, and will be heavily subsidised by the SexDept for ANU Students. Following the tour, you will be dropped off at the Sex & Health Week Dance Party @ Heaven Niteclub on Friday, September 11. \$2 entry for ANU Students, \$1.50

beers all night long, lots of giveaways - and a special performance by Ricky J and Miss Erotica ACT 1998, the best Strippers this side of Las Vegas. To get more info about any of these events, or to sign up for any of the workshops and seminars, please call the SexDept.

The AGM for both Jellybabies and the SexDept is on Friday, August 14 at 2pm, in the Bridge, Union Building. Among other things, we have to endorse any candidates that want to run for the (single) position of Sexuality Officer, and the 3 positions of 'SexDept Committee', as well as electing a new president for Jellybabies. If you're interested in any of these positions, please call the office before the meeting and let us know.

And lastly, the Canberra Queer Directory, a co-production with the CIT SexDept, is scheduled to be launched during Sex & Health Week. It's an extended and revised version of the Queer Handbook we distributed earlier this year. Make sure you get your copy as soon as it gets released, as the last time we ran out of copies within weeks.

See you at the AGM! — Matt



SEX & HEALTH WEEK SEPTEMBER 7 - 11

A week filled with free workshops and seminars for all students. To register, or for more information please call the SexDept on 6279-8514 or sign up on the sheets outside the office.

Free Workshops

- Child Development for Parents of Young Children
- Sexual Linguistics • Women and Violence
- Safe Raging • Intoxicated Sex
- Bondage, Discipline and Sadomasochism
- Sex Addiction • Drug Issues for Women

Free Seminars:

Two hour seminars on safe drug use and sex will be run in Fenner, Bruce, B & G and Toad. Check your notice board for dates.

Social Events:

• **The Love Bus:** take a backstage tour of Canberra's sex industry with the EROS Foundation. Normal ticket price \$40, S & H Week Price \$25. Limited seating. Book at the office.

• **Dance Party @ Heaven:** 11/9, 10pm. \$2 entry for students, happy hour, \$1.50 beers all night long. Watch Ricky J and Miss Erotica ACT go the full monty, and win a weekend for two in the Blue Mountains, courtesy of STA Travel.

**S & H Week is proudly supported by
ADAM & EVE, Canberra's Premier
Erotica Store, and Ansell Australia.**

Opinion



President's Report

Now that the NUS referendum is over the Students' Association can devote all its energies to a number of other equally important issues. During the referendum, protests about the cuts to the Institute of the Arts continued. For those of you who didn't read my article in the last edition of *Woroni*, Kate Carnell has proposed that the \$1.6 million grant from the ACT Government (15% of the ITA budget) should be halved this year and phased out entirely in 2 years.

Kate Carnell has not recognised that ITA has a special relationship with the ACT. Many of its students and staff are heavily involved in community music groups, it provides subsidised music and art classes to school students and to the general community, it provides heavily utilised library services, it provides international standard conferences, exhibitions and seminars and it provides venues for performances and rehearsals (eg Llewellyn Hall). ITA makes a big contribution to the ACT, more than the rest of the ANU, and that is why it has been partially funded by the ACT in the past.

The next big event is the Charity Concert and Lantern Walk on Saturday

15th. The Lantern Walk begins at 5.00pm at Regatta Point and will finish at Llewellyn Hall at 6.30pm for a School of Music Charity Concert. All are welcome to attend.

On Friday 21st the Institute of the Arts has planned a major demonstration outside the Legislative Assembly. The Assembly will meet the following week, so it will be good timing to add more pressure before the budget comes up for approval. Keep an eye out for details of the rally.

Numerous other issues are on the boil. Postgraduate representatives and I have been lobbying the university to provide extra accommodation support for students if it proceeds with the discontinuation of the graduate rental assistance scheme. Appeals procedures are being reviewed by the Board of the Faculties, and our Faculty Representatives will be working to monitor this.

Several other issues are floating around at the moment however I'm still a bit tired and weary because it's been a long referendum so I'm going to leave a proper run-down until next edition. HarryGreenwell sa.president@student

PS Many thanks to everyone who voted yes.

comment: CYA - Common Youth Agony?

by Kianna Lafferty

The Youth Allowance has recently come into play in replace of AUSTUDY/ABSTUDY, Job Search Allowance (JSA), Newstart Allowance (NSA), Youth Training Allowance (YTA), and apprentice's wages under the Modern Australian Apprenticeship and Traineeship System (MAATS). The idea being to create one common 'Youth Allowance' for all young Australians.

The Coalition has claimed that Youth Allowance will increase flexibility and provide students with better financial support. However, one of the main problems with the government's Youth Allowance is that it has adversely affected thousands of students by removing their benefits due to their parents income. Working to support themselves is not going to be an option for more than a quarter of these students with the current environment of youth unemployment at 28%.

The government should be condemned for forcing the financial burden of thousands of students onto their parents, placing the financial obligation of one group of adults upon another.

The Coalition has denied that they have made any funding cuts to areas regarding the Youth Allowance. Yet allowances will be reduced for those living at home once their family income reaches \$25 000. In addition to this 12 800 18-29 year olds have lost their payments altogether and another 34 000 will have reduced payments. On these figures the

government will save up to \$1.2 billion.

Another group that has been served a colossal injustice by the Youth Allowance are those young people aged 16 to 18. This group is now unable to receive benefits unless they are in full-time education or training. In effect this raises the compulsory school age to 18. Surely it would be far more intelligent for the government to address the issues of school drop out rates and establish adequate training placements to satisfy this demand. Instead of tackling these issues in a productive manner the government merely patched over the problems of school leavers.

The most important question is whether or not Youth Allowance has improved conditions for students.

Government publicity declares that new arrangements will provide greater incentives for young people to further their education or training. It is true that the new system is streamlined and prevents students from having to go through several different Departments in order to get benefits. This is overshadowed by lack of detail and understanding in regards to adulthood, independence and a failure to understand the circumstances and needs of thousands of students.

By implementing the flawed Youth Allowance the government has missed an opportunity to make progressive reforms to youth benefits and proved they are callous to the needs of young Australians.

ANU Students' Association

Meeting Notice to all Undergraduate Students

3rd Term Ordinary General Meeting

2 pm

Monday 24 August 1998

Manning Clark Centre

Issues to be discussed include:

- Acceptance of the Returning Officer's report from the NUS Referendum
- Amendments to the SA Constitution
- Should the SA have a Nudity Department

All undergraduate students (members of the Students' Association) are entitled to speak, vote, move and second motions at this meeting. Any member wishing to place items on the agenda for this meeting must do so in writing submitted to the General Secretary by close of business Tuesday 18 August. Agenda papers will be available from the afternoon of Wednesday 19 August.

This notice is issued in accordance with section 74.1 of the Constitution.

Janet Wood
General Secretary

Friday 7 August 1998

Political Rant

Reflections on the Referendum

By Prometheus

After the results for the NUS referendum, I question whether this whole thing was just a farce and excuse for political representatives from both sides of politics to get really huge heads and trial their skills when it came to the "real thing". I understand those who believe in the real cause, but did this mean the ordinary student had to have their lectures disrupted daily and then hear the same rhetoric they have been hearing for months? To be honest does this debate really matter? On the one hand the pro NUS activists said you get a lot for nothing, and then the no protagonists claimed you got nothing for a lot. In the end we'll probably get nothing for nothing. The NUS was clamouring for the ANU's vote to get almost \$40 000 of our money for doing the same thing as before. It was argued that this union was powerful and all students would benefit from the outcome of their fights. In reality, politicians must be quivering in their boots at the thought of some of Australia's students deciding they should suddenly strike. Another NUS claim was now ANU students would have a greater voice in Australian politics. I hardly have a voice at my own university union. One good example is the turning off of the gym lights for those who don't book and pay. The fact I pay the sports union through my GSF is ignored. My representatives on the sports union (which half a dozen people voted for) including the infamous William Mackerras voted for this ruling despite the many students who use these facilities.

The NUS claimed to run a clean campaign, however even they couldn't resist making up a little white lie. On one of their pamphlets they claimed that the "no" activists were big fat liars when they claimed that NUS office bearers earned \$24 000 a year, when

actually they each earned \$6 000. After great debate with a (graceful in defeat) NUS campaigner from Melbourne, the lie was uncovered. It turned out the NUS had got its \$6 000 figure by averaging out all the wages of all the office bearers in Australia.

However, it would be remiss of me to rag on the NUS the whole time when the amoral 'no' forces led by Heidi Zwar pissed me off just as much. For God's sake for \$4.80 a year it isn't going to hurt us to join a union. However, the lady who claimed young Australians weren't interested in becoming a republic was just doing as she always does. The no protagonists ran a scare campaign extending on the truth to the greatest degree they could. But, they just did not piss me off in lectures as much as the other side, since they had no points to argue for and could not sustain speech longer than fifteen seconds. The fact that NUS campaigners were more prominent was due the fact they saw a yearly cheque of almost \$40 000 at the end of the tunnel, whereas the no campaigners could only look forward to kisses on each butt cheek from John Howard and Peter Reith.

After all the electioneering it seems the winner was the ordinary ANU student who chose to abstain from these ridiculous elections, about 6,500 in all. The fact that more than three times the voter turnout couldn't give a shit will be completely ignored. Now we are going to get NUS, I hope all the student politicians are happy with themselves and leave me alone through the SA general elections. It seems all these people have little idea of what the average university student wants of them, especially after such heavy campaigning, if they can only rope in such abysmal numbers. Perhaps one of the five students that cast an informal vote had the real right idea, particularly the one writing this bit of opinion.

Opinion

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION ANNUAL ELECTONS 1998 CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

Nominations are hereby called for election to the following offices and positions within The ANUSA:

President of the Association	Education Officer of the Association
General Secretary of the Association	Social Officer of the Association
Treasurer of the Association	13 General Representative positions to the SRC
2 Faculty Representative positions to the FRC from each Faculty of the University	
1 Editor of <i>Woroni</i> (who may be an individual or a group of individuals)	
Sexuality Departmental Officer	Environment Departmental Officer
Women's Departmental Officer	NUS Liason Officer

The successful candidates will serve for one year from 1 December 1998.

All ordinary members of the Association are eligible to nominate, second or be nominated for the positions of President, Education Officer, General Secretary, Social Officer, Treasurer, Editor of *Woroni*, General Representative to the SRC and Environment Departmental Officer. The candidate, nominator and seconder for a position of Faculty Representative must all be enrolled in the relevant Faculty. Candidates for the position of Sexuality Departmental Officer must be openly queer identifying. Only women shall vote or nominate for the position of Women's Departmental Officer.

The period for lodgement of nominations will commence at 9.30 am on Monday 10 August 1998 and cease at 4.00 pm on Monday 24 August 1998.

All nominations, except for the position of Sexuality Departmental Officer, should be placed in the locked ballot box provided in the office of the Head, Council and Boards Secretariat, between 9.30 am and 4.00 pm on any week day during the period in which nominations are open. This office is located on the second floor of the Chancery, Room 2.05. Nominations for the position of Sexuality Departmental Officer must be made in writing to the current Sexuality Departmental Collective. Candidates for this position must be openly queer identifying. Once ratified by the Sexuality Departmental Collective, these nominations must be forwarded to the Returning Officer.

All nomination forms must include the signature of the nominator, a seconder, and the nominee. Nomination forms are available from the office of the Head, Council and Boards Secretariat, and of the Association. Candidates in the election may indicate to the Returning Officer the group or team with which they are running, or that they are running as an independent, which will then appear on the voting paper beside their names. The order of candidates on the voting paper will be determined on 3 September 1998 commencing at 3.00pm, in the office of the Head, Council and Boards Secretariat.

Polling will be conducted between Monday 14 September 1998 and Thursday 17 September 1998, at the following locations:

University Union	
14 September 1998 1.30 pm - 6.30 pm, 15 September 1998 11.00 am - 4.00 pm, 16 September 1998 11.00 am - 4.00 pm, 17 September 1998 11.00 am - 4.00 pm	
Chifley Library	Margaret Ford
15 September 1998 4.30 pm - 7.30 pm	Registrar and Returning Officer
ITA Courtyard (east of Chats)	The Australian National University
14 September 1998 11.00 am - 1.00 pm	6 August 1998

Head 2 Head

It's come to this. After months of vicious and violent political debate, we've been reduced to debating the merits of new cult mega-hit TV show *South Park*. ANU General Secretary Jason Wood loves it, and wants to tell you why. Woroni reporter and man-about-town Chris Davies isn't ashamed to admit he detests everything to do with it. They go Head to Head...

South Park lover...

When we think of the TV series that define our generation, we would perhaps list: *The X-Files*, *Melrose Place*, *Beverly Hills 90210*, *The Simpsons*, *Star Trek (Next Gen)* and *Babylon 5*. Most, if not all, of these shows have somewhat of a cult following. In addition, they all (with the exception of *The Simpsons*) rely on either expensive special effects or a large and expensive cast or both.

South Park is the new TV cartoon series with a cult following. Where once we all watched *The Simpsons*, now more and more people are flocking to *South Park*. *The Simpsons* has been described as a kids cartoon with adult appeal.

South Park is an adult cartoon with kids appeal. Those of you who doubt this claim should think about how *South Park* deals with certain social issues. Not many of *The Simpsons'* younger audience would comprehend lines about "...licking carpet ... and ... eating box" nor perhaps find Chef and his songs at all amusing.

Move over *Melrose Place* and *Beverly Hills 90210* — your pathetic Hollywood characters have even less

dimensions than *South Park's* Officer Barbrady. Humourless drama ... that's what we need more of ... yeah right!

MP and Bev have gone stale in the mouths of the once most devout fans. Now we have real drama, action, suspense, and intrigue in 20 minutes of low budget cartooning.

Sci-fi junkies may never desert the fold, but even the most die hard Trekkie can appreciate what the four little kids from *South Park Elementary School* have to offer.

Anyone not familiar with the antics of Cartman, Kyle, Stan, and Kenny needs to go and visit Big Gay Al's Big Gay Animal Sanctuary.

While the first series is currently being re-run on Monday nights at 8pm on SBS, most of us can't wait for the second series to go free to air in Sep-

tember. But some of us can't wait that long and have found the next series on the internet. The second series just as good if not better ... pushing the boundaries of poor taste and making great fun of social issues like never before. Episodes in the second series to watch out for are the Terrance and Phillip special, the episode that reveals the identity of Cartman's father, and the 'Chicken Fucker'.

Much of the *South Park* appeal can be summed up by the phrase "taking the piss!". Political correctness has gone to Hell, replaced by paying out all the stereotypes in modern western society. From Jews, the poor, Jesus, the elderly, and starving Africans to celebrities,

those in public office, the police, Satan, school teachers, and aliens, every stereotype cops a serve.

In our lives, governed so much by PC Nazis, *South Park* allows us to relax and breathe easier as the town expresses what we are all thinking but aren't game enough to actually say. Yes, there still is a funny side to life.

Sure, the show has its critics. There is even someone who is so appalled

by the series that they are trying to make SBS remove *South Park* from the airways. Perhaps, they haven't seen the "Death" episode and should try slingshotting their bodies into the SBS building.

Any show that can pitch Barbara Streisand against Robert Smith and then have a pig make "sweet loving" with an elephant to Elton John has got to be a winner!

For anyone who really wants to get into *South Park* in a big way then visit the web site at: <http://www.beefcake.com>. This site has some great links including lots of images and sounds and a page of What Kenny Says.

South Park has a message for all of us. As Cartman says: "Follow your dreams. You can reach your goals. I'm living proof. Beefcake. BEEFCAKE!"

Much of the *South Park* appeal can be summed up by the phrase "taking the piss!". Political correctness has gone to Hell, replaced by paying out all the stereotypes in modern western society. From Jews, the poor, Jesus, the elderly, and starving Africans to celebrities, those in public office, the police, Satan, school teachers, and aliens, every stereotype cops a serve.

South Park hater...

Have you heard the one about the smart kid, the fat kid, the Jewish kid and the quiet, accident-prone kid? I have, but I wish I hadn't. I must be the only person on this planet who detests those snivelling little eight-year-old weasels in *South Park*. Of course, everyone finds the show puerile and offensive, but apparently that's the program's main attraction. So as I wince at the unfunny fart jokes and stupid voices, people around me are laughing so hard it looks like they're going to severely injure themselves. In the US a guy found the graphic depiction of a child's death (Kenny was thrown into a microwave) so hilarious he actually choked on some french fries and died — no shit.

So am I missing something subtle? I don't think so; there's very little subtlety on offer here. *South Park*, a product of two slackers with way too much time on their hands, follows the cartoon adventures of foul-mouthed school kids living in an all-American town. They go hunting, genetically cross a pig and elephant, and other 'humorous' stuff. So what? If I want to see bad pictures of kids doing stupid shit, I can go check out the local kindergarten drawing board any time I want. We're essentially watching the result of a bunch of twentysomethings projecting their immature fantasies onto some cardboard cut-outs that they move around. If it weren't making so much money, it would be seriously pathetic.

Speaking of money, why are the creators so determined to nurture their alterna-cred by allowing their product to be freely bandied around on the Internet, and have Primus (!) do the opening soundtrack? One word: merchandising. These guys are making a killing off poor saps who believe wearing expensive *South Park* clothing creates an attractive personae of coolness. They are engaged in a calculated and cynical manufacturing of a cult following.

One of the show's highlights — it happens every episode and has to be memorised if you want to be included in the *South Park* fan club — is the 'unusual' and tragic death of Kenny the mumbler. What strikes me is the tediousness and sense of obligation that inevitably accompanies this poor little sucker's demise. He's flattened by the Mir Space Station. He's blown away with an automatic weapon. He's decapi-

tated on the football field. And every fucking time, someone has to yell, "Oh my God, they killed Kenny. You bastards!" Oh my God, they killed comedy.

Once you get over the surprise of hearing eight-year-olds swear a blue streak, you realise there's not much there. Conversations are predictable, and characters state the obvious or the offensive — rarely the funny. A case in point:

Uncle Jimbo: "I can't remind you enough how important this game is to us *South Park* alumni."

Chef: "Elementary school alumni?"
Uncle Jimbo: "That's as far as most of us got."

Kaboom! And then there's the blatant bigotry. I know the writers are satirising the speaker, and not the subject, of these attacks but that alone doesn't make it funny. Cop this:

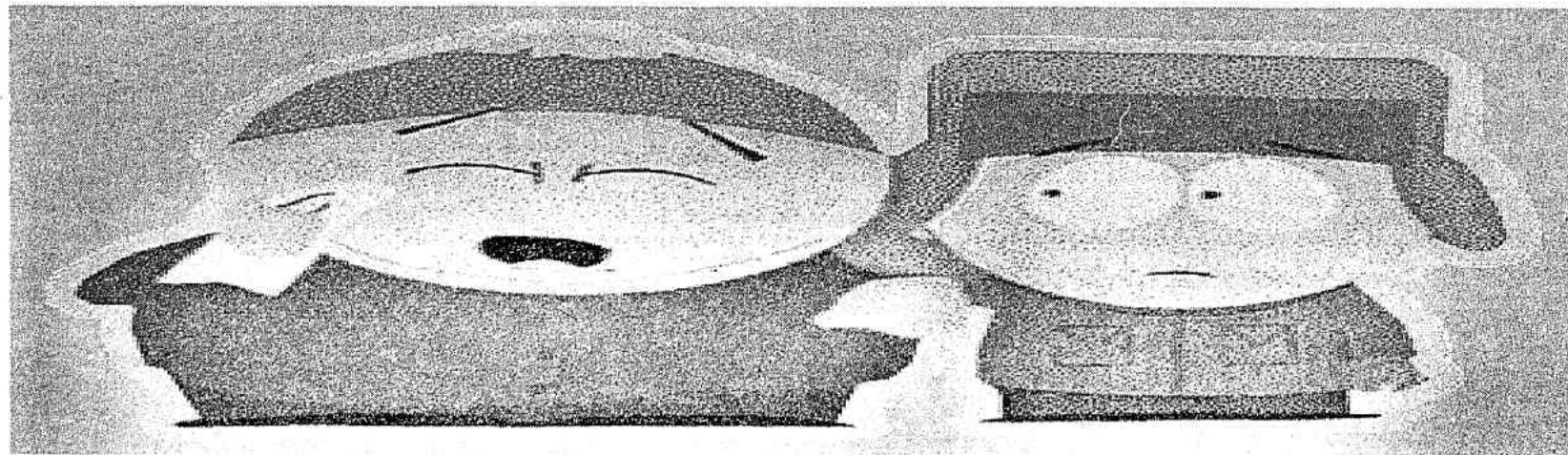
Stanley: "What's a homosexual?"

Mr Garrison: "Well Stanley, I guess you came to the right person. Sit down. Stanley, gay people...well, gay people are evil. Evil right down to their cold black hearts, which pump not blood like yours and mine, but rather a thick vomituous oil that oozes through their rotten veins and clots in their pea-size brains which becomes the cause of their Nazi-esque patterns of violent behaviour."

I don't know about you, but I nearly pissed my pants with the hilarity of it all. And before you *South Park* nutters go crazy and say that by the end of the episode Stanley realises the value of "gayity", don't tell me there's not stereotypical messages flying out then as well. Just think about Big Gay Al and his pink bandanna.

And then someone told me the fun of it all was the complete immorality of supposedly innocent and virtuous children. Bullshit. Characters get up at the end and pontificate about the dangers of firearms, genetic engineering, and the hefty decision of euthanasia. There's more syrupy morality than a Brady Bunch episode. In a show that thrives on such supposed immorality, moral messages are laid on with a trowel, and with all the subtlety of a jack-hammer warming up for some heavy street repair by jaggging into my frontal lobe. Which, come to think of it, is such an unoriginal metaphor that in this upcoming series of *South Park*, Kenny will surely die in a similar fashion.

debate



Letters

Please note

Because of problems with the Woroni email, some of the letters published in this issue date back as far as May, and have only been received in the last week. In some cases we weren't entirely sure which issue a letter related to, but we're certain that the various authors would still hold their points as being relevant, so we've published them anyway. Thanks kids. We love you. If you've got nasty letters, just drop them into the Woroni office of the universally despised at the Students Association or e-mail on woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au, or try faxing on (02) 62493967. Or you can just come and abuse us (although we might laugh at you before beating you up).

Don't think you're going to win the scav hunt now you little shits

Dear Woroni editors, Please spare us from the endless tirade on the pros and cons of freedom of speech. This topic lost momentum issues ago, and has since been hi-jacked by Brendan's Shanahanigans.

Brendan, you are abusing your position as editor on a superfluous argument. The point has been made, move on. The subject of censorship clearly consumes you and is by now evident to all readers of Woroni. We recommend meditation or erotic massage as a cure to your torment. Brendan, please help to restore Woroni to its former glory — whatever that may be.

The Crapsters

You haven't offended me, but you're worth hating

You're wrong Shanahan. It is not your prerogative to offend, it is your goddamn duty! Being a student is *about* challenging society, pushing boundaries and altering paradigms, and often the most effective way to do that is to be offensive. Some things are important enough that if you think it sucks you must say loudly and in no uncertain terms that it sucks, even if you have to swear and blaspheme and curse your mother and break every rule in Penny Pollard's Book of Manners in order to make an impact. Sometimes it may not even be important but it is just funny to be rude - sure, we all like to laugh at other people's misfortune! But you haven't learnt the distinction of when offensiveness is necessary and appropriate and when it is just plain gratuitous. You don't know how much is witty and humorous and how much is self-indulgent and crass. You know when everyone is laughing and telling jokes, and then some dickhead takes it too far and there is dead silence and the joke suddenly becomes really *un-funny*? Well that dickhead is you. You just don't know where to stop. There is

an art to using poor taste and you, my boy, haven't mastered it. Be offensive when it's worth being offensive; hate people who are worth hating. John Howard - he's worth hating, but why bother waste good insults on people and things that don't deserve to be bagged. Until you learn how to use poor-taste properly you really shouldn't attempt it, because at the moment you are making a balls-up of it and giving tackiness a bad name, not to mention making a cock-nose of yourself. A true artisan of offensiveness can get away with it without a law-suit.

I hope I haven't offended you.
Mariam Whyte

censored censored censored censored

censored censored

Ms Fraser,

Great back cover on your latest edition of Woroni. I must compliment you on your magazine's unfailing ability to offend or slight anyone of whom you disapprove. Pick on the small guy, that's always been my view of life too. I particularly commend you on your grasp of the phenomenon of freedom of speech. Stange, then, isn't it, that it was you and your pals in the SRC at college a few years back that refused the publication of an 'alternative' view of the SRC

daddy

And so the saga continues. Shanahan, who has now been moved interestingly from editor-in-chief to consultant for Woroni, still got to have his stab at someone through his "editorial", for want of a better word. His ranting and raving against student politicians, which demonstrated his complete lack of a basic understanding of the English language, is hardly about to make us pack our bags. In your own words Shanahan, "Well fuck you big daddy!"

The proof of the worthless nature of this rag lies in the fact that at the Students' Association are 5 boxes, each containing 120 copies of Woroni, that can't be disposed of except through paper recycling because the vast majority of students do not pick up a copy. I think an inquiry is well overdue into the funding of Woroni with student GSF contributions, when valuable and scarce resources are clearly being abused and wasted. If the student population actually cares about how the SA uses your money, then make your voice heard and do something about it, or the situation will continue.

Shanahan, get an education, get some relevance, or better yet, just ask Daddy for another column because it is the only way your trash will get published in the real world. Your writing is

seems to be unable to resist making attempts to offend. It is rather obvious that he's only doing it for the sake to offend, not because he has anything of substance to say. So shut up Brendan, nobody cares about your halfassed diatribes.

Ta. Nicole, Acton

Anarchy for the SA

Woroni
I would like to make my own small contribution to the long history of whinges from leftist students about the pathetic rag that is Woroni. Firstly your article about the ANU Council picket (Issue 6) states that "some anarchists amused themselves by committing frivolous acts of vandalism". As one of the anarchists who was there I would like to say that neither I nor anyone else at the picket committed any acts of vandalism. I would be happy to claim credit for burning down the chancelry, occupants bar Terrell, Burgess and the like evacuated, but minor vandalism is not only stupid it simply didn't occur at the picket. Related to this issue I would like to ask was Chris Davies, whose byline is attached to the article, actually there to see the events he describes? Although I don't know Chris, I and others who were present doubt that Chris was there that freezing morning. Michael Cook,

like to suggest to Brendan Shanahan that his belief that no-one checks Australian newspapers before they go to press is absurd ("Welcome to My Nightmare", Issue 6). See what happens if you try to publish a call for an anarchist revolution in The Australian Brendan. For anyone interested in how the propaganda system works in 'democratic' capitalist societies check out Noam Chomsky's Manufacturing Consent.

Peter Jovanovic

You still snogged your cousin

Dear Brendan,
With reference to your articles about me in the previous edition (issue 6), may I extend my thanks to you for doing so much to enhance my credibility at your expense?

Cheers,
Harry Greenwell
President, ANU Students' Association

P.S. A sincere thank you to everyone who has offered me their support in response to Brendan's abusive articles. Kind words are always appreciated

It was a crap article anyway

To the Editors,
I am writing with regard to the article that I have written for this edition of Woroni on the protest against uranium mining at Jabiluka. When I arrived back in Canberra over three weeks ago I contacted Woroni, along with other members of the Jabiluka Action Group, about writing an article about this protest. We were eventually told that the August issue was all mapped out and devoted to "Bushweek at ANU", and the only space available was the holiday/travel section, with the proviso that we didn't make the article too political. "I went up to Kakadu... got a great tan... some fantastic snapshots of a huge hole in the ground... pity about that really..."

I understand the need to organise and allocate space for features ahead of time. But, to relegate the issue to the mildly apolitical travel section of your paper seems to be a complete betrayal of what is really important. (Or, maybe I am missing the point. Maybe what is really important is "Bushweek at ANU"). Thousands of students around the country are protesting against the mine, which is going ahead in a World Heritage National Park where traditional indigenous owners are opposed. Hundreds of people have already been arrested for this cause. Surely ANU students deserve a full and adequate presentation of the issues. Surely we can handle a little more than a holiday update.

Perhaps the next issue of Woroni will be brave enough to spill the sunscreen a little and allow a proper discussion of the Jabiluka Uranium Mine.

Yours Sincerely,
Anita Sundstrom

P.S. The ACT Jabiluka Action Group meets every Monday at 6pm at the Bridge, if you want to join the campaign.



because it made you look bad. Hmmm.....

Dee Spleenmi

We Love You

Dear Woroni,
I see that you are still continuing the anachronistic "letters" page. Rather than give people the forum to express their displeasure at what is published in Woroni, specify a time and date each month for people to preview the upcoming issue and remove any article they don't like. I'm sure the Student Association would be glad to know that everyone's right to curtail freedom of expression is being respected.

Shaun Press

Well fuck you big

not even worthy of picking up dog shit with.

If you can't handle someone disagreeing with your opinion, and the only way you can respond is by heaping abuse at people, then you will never get far.

Finally, "I hope your mother dies soon" to you, that is if she hasn't died already from the embarrassment that is her son.

Yours sincerely
adele tate

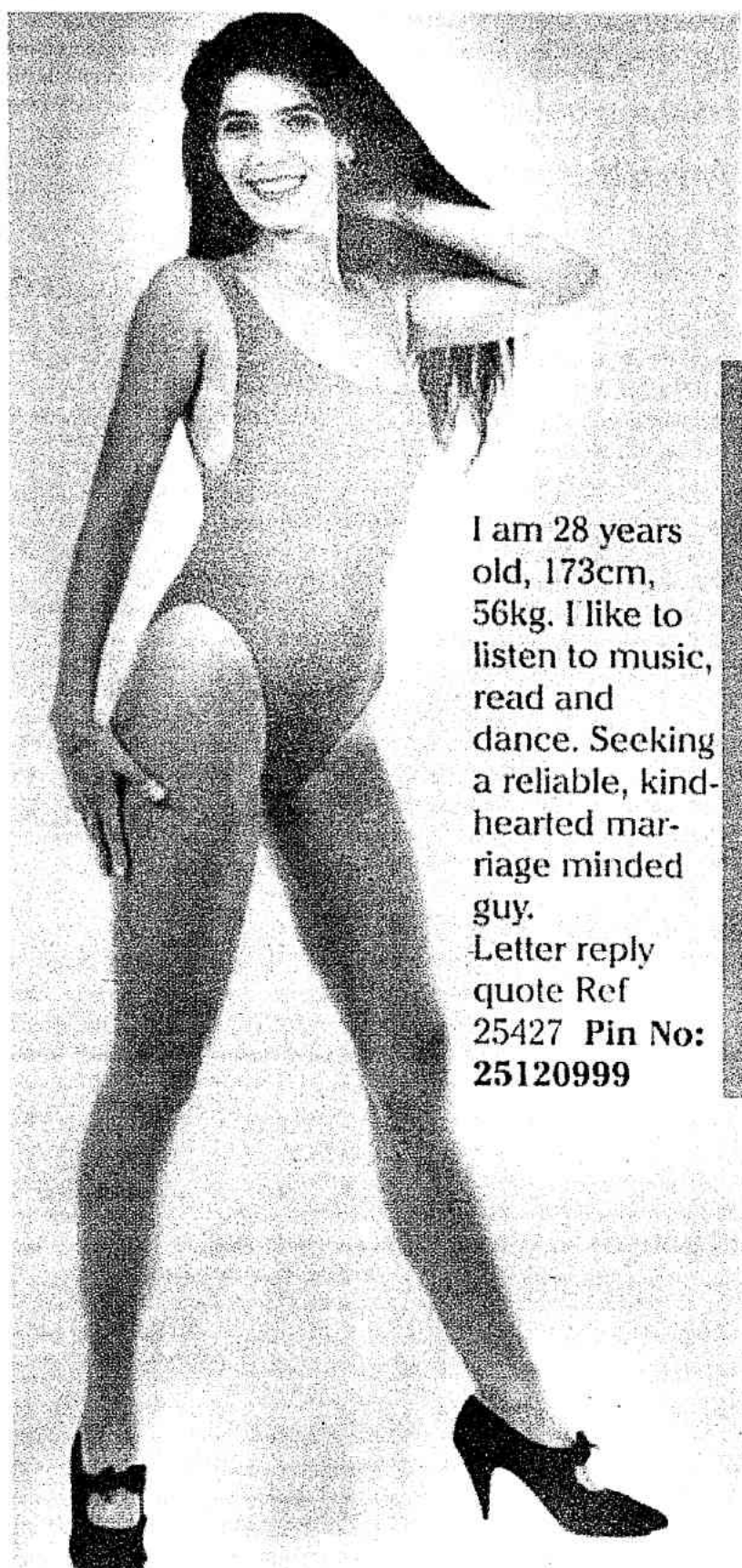
Well nobody cares about you

Dear Woroni,
I couldn't help noticing that Brendan

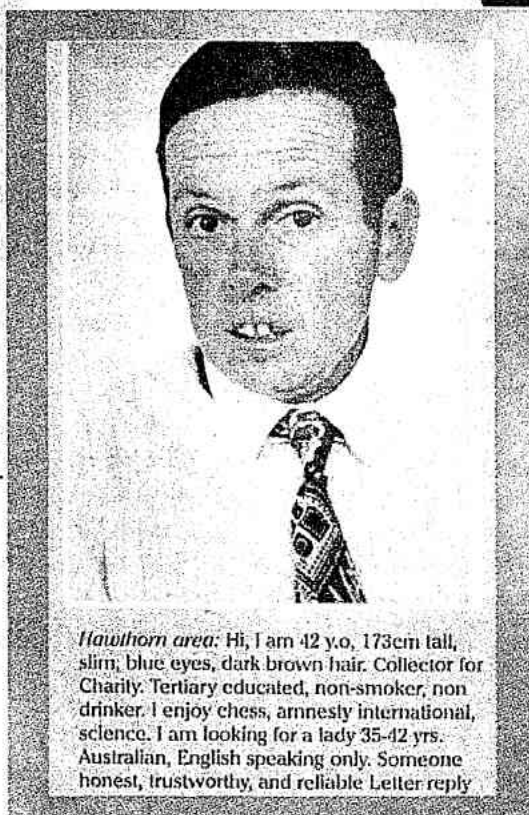
Woroni news editor, was there however, so was the article actually written by him. Secondly I would also like to complain about the article on NUS written by some so-called anarchists. The purpose of this anonymous article seems to be mainly to slag off ANU's small number of anarchists, which includes me. Was it really necessary to have a contribution from some bogus anarchists especially as I would have been happy to contribute my own anti-NUS views had I been asked. Or was this article retribution for my speaking and voting against the Woroni editors at the SA AGM. On the subject of the AGM there is nothing hypocritical about anarchists voting in the AGM, on the contrary the expansion of such (currently quite poor) participatory democratic forums is one of the central planks of the anarchist program. Lastly I would

Please write to us. We love your sour nasty letters, and delight in giving them rude titles.

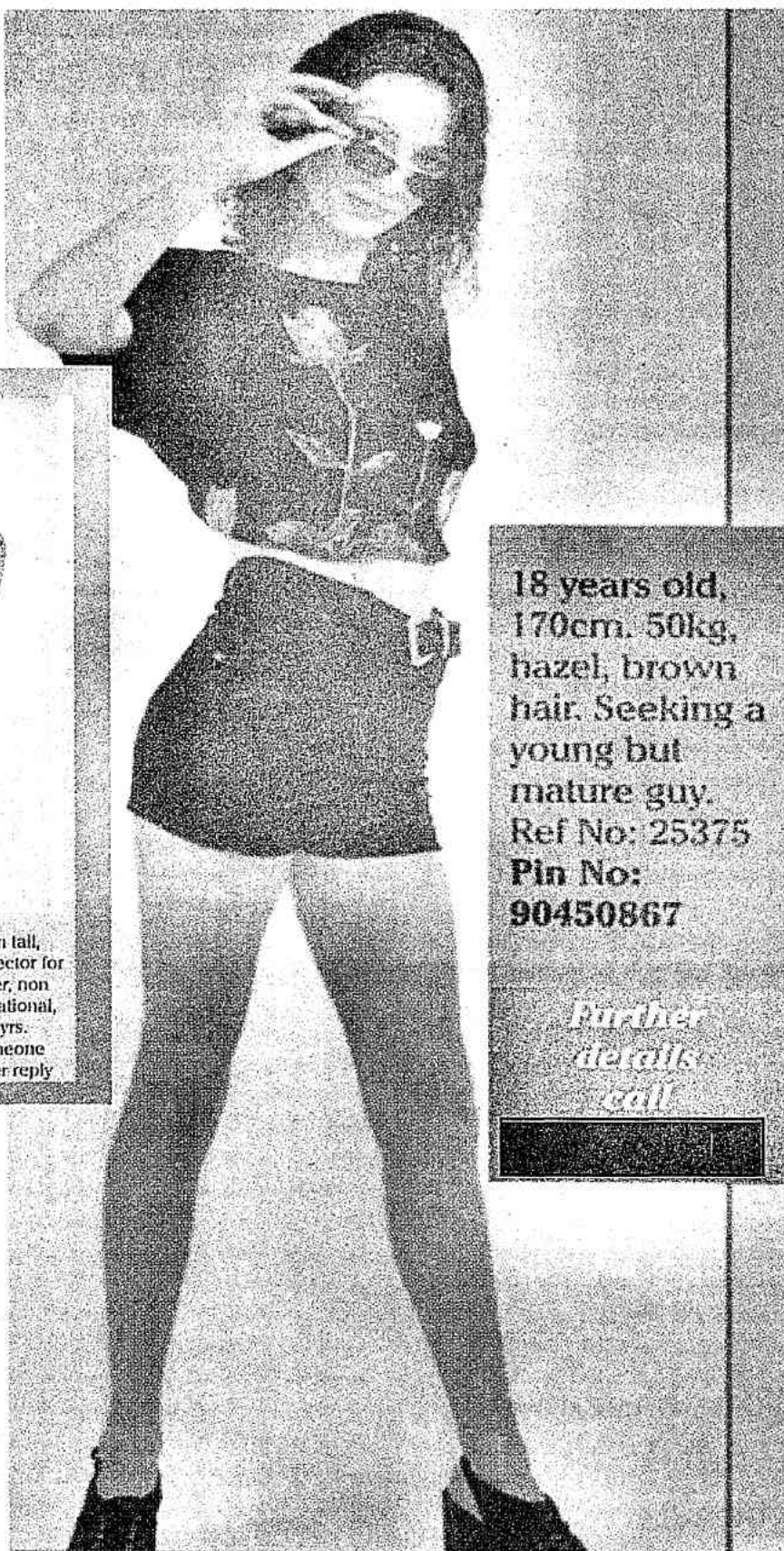
www.burrrve



I am 28 years old, 173cm, 56kg. I like to listen to music, read and dance. Seeking a reliable, kind-hearted marriage minded guy.
Letter reply quote Ref 25427 Pin No: 25120999



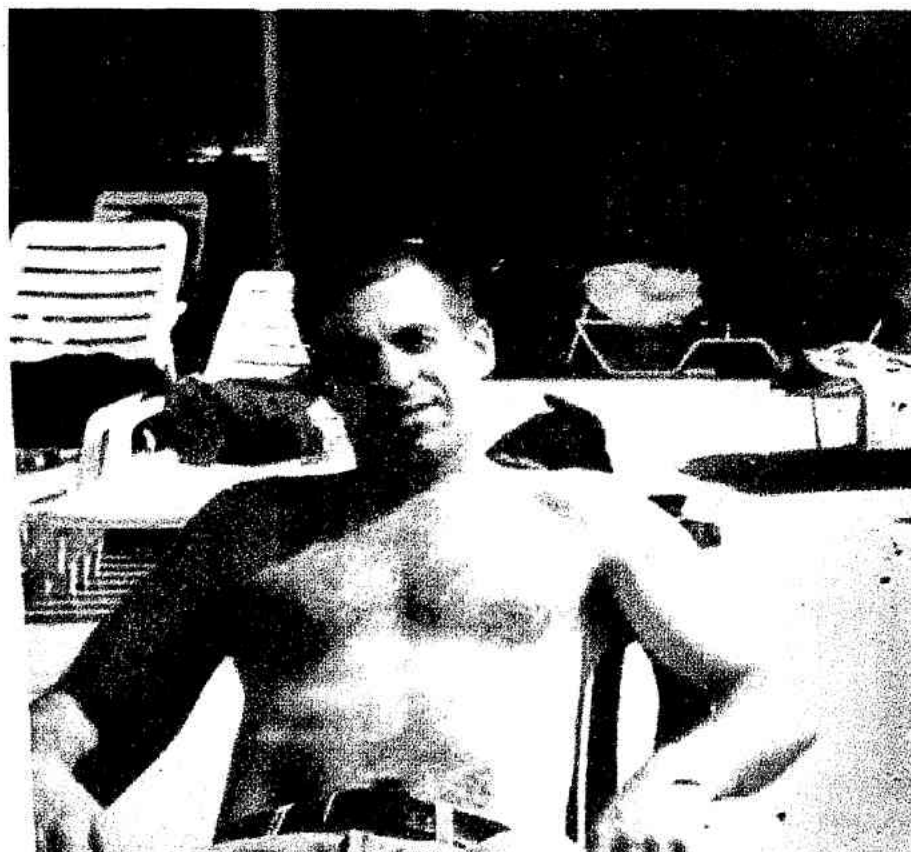
Hawthorn area: Hi, I am 42 y.o. 173cm tall, slim, blue eyes, dark brown hair. Collector for Charity. Tertiary educated, non-smoker, non drinker. I enjoy chess, amnesly international, science. I am looking for a lady 35-42 yrs. Australian, English speaking only. Someone honest, trustworthy, and reliable Letter reply



18 years old, 170cm, 50kg, hazel, brown hair. Seeking a young but mature guy.
Ref No: 25375
Pin No: 90450867

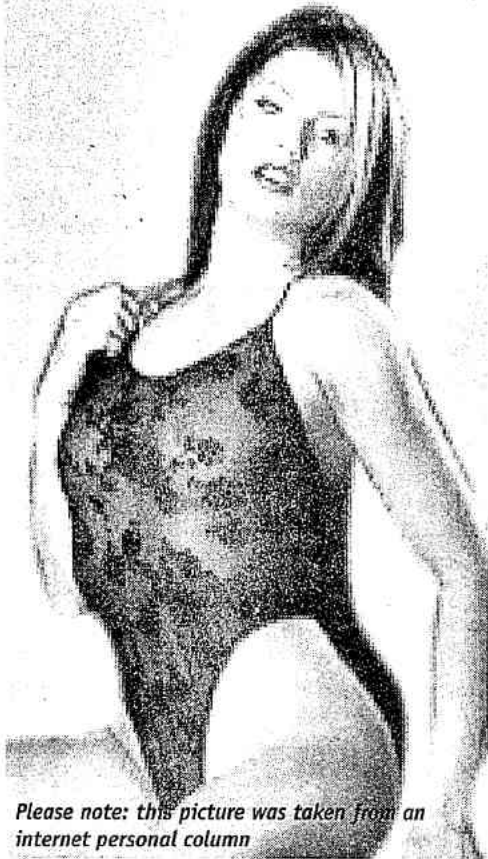
Further details call

(Surrounding pictures) Just some of the temptations you're likely to find on line.



There are literally millions of people who turn to the Internet to find sweet sweet love. Rolando Fairview joined every one he could find in order to find out both why and who joins these things. His ultimate recommendation - join one. Too tacky? Not on your life.

(inset) This woman is a professional. Do not try this at home



Please note: this picture was taken from an internet personal column

Over the last few months I have been a black lesbian, a gay bondage master, a dork from Wagga, a bored house wife looking for action, a rich New York Jew Boy, a public service sugar daddy and a student at ANU. I am actually only one of the above, so how is that I have managed this protean feat? Easy, through the secure anonymity of personal columns on the Internet.

Ever looked through the personal columns in a newspaper, put them down, had a good laugh but secretly yearned to be part of that world? Oh of course not! Come now! That would be ridiculous... By the way did I mention that I never masturbate or secretly couldn't give a shit that the Third World gets continuously shafted.

Of course you have you filthy bastard. You're a complete and utter pervert like the rest of the human race and the personal columns have long acted as the psychological cipher upon which you have projected your dirtiest sexual fantasies. Over the years you have voyeuristically salivated whilst the allure of anonymity and sexual possibility suggested by the personals has given your dirty brain veritable nuclear fuel for your libidinous fire. Don't deny it, it only does you damage.

That person on the other end of that vaguely naughty advertisement has always been good-looking, likes it rough, slaps you around, enjoys being pissed on, takes it up the arse, spies on you whilst you undress, makes dirty phone calls, will give you children, is a fireman, a builder, a model, a nymphomaniac who does that ping-pong ball trick or, most bizarrely of all, will love you forever and always. We sit and ogle the personals under the guise of humour because like people who pretend that they only watch Ricki Lake because "it's funny", we have a really hard time admitting that we would secretly like to give it a red hot go. Well hold onto your hats folks because now you can. Not only that but now you can on the kind of massive scale that is only offered in the world's mega-cities. How? On the Internet baby.

The world of Internet personal columns is like a vast electronic dog that keeps trying to hump your leg; it's seedy and sincere all at the same time. But most interestingly of all, it's vast. So vast that you could take all the aforementioned fetishes, times them by about 100 then take the number of people you know who wish to involve themselves in the said shenanigans and times that number by about 1 000 000 and you still wouldn't be able to grasp the sheer size of the bizarre and, strangely,

lovable world of Internet personal advertisements.

"Errr creepy", you mutter as visions of porno dance through your head, and indeed it can be so. How creepy? Oh reaaaaalllly creepy. But then again it can also be rather banal, even amusing in its daginess. Not only that but, every now and again, extremely tempting.

Why is that Internet personals have not been more often discussed. After all the old "let's meet the people who place personal ads" articles are perennial favourites on the genteel pages of *Marie Claire*, *Cleo* and the *Good Weekend Magazine*. Me suspects that it has more than a little to do with



(inset) The grainy quality of this photo is "art" not shoddy production values. Besides, it's more "gothic".

the creeeeepy factor that the concept of meeting someone over the Internet engenders in the imagination, and as I have previously stated, there is indeed a creep-factor that you would be hard pressed to legally replicate in any other publication. But the great thing about the sleaziness of the Internet is that it is neither more nor less of a turn-off than the general populations' disposition to dodginess. On the Internet you can live the fantasies that you've always been sure you shouldn't, either by proxy or, somewhat frighteningly, literally. You can be whoever you want and say whatever the fuck you please (unlike within the gentle

pages of *Woroni*) and as a result people allow themselves to be people and not societal constructs — I think this is what technocrats call liberty through technology. In short the Internet is broad and honest - even when people are telling massive lies.

Are you bored and listless and need to preoccupy yourself for an afternoon? Tired of *Breakers* and repeats of the *Brown and Crisp* infomercial? Then here's my advice. Pick a state, any state, and

investigate the desperados who have posted themselves over the Internet in an attempt to snare a root. "Desperados?" you say. But aren't these just people like you and I. Of course they are but aren't you a desperado. Admit it — you are. Even if you are in some kind of "relationship" (a word I despise almost as much as "partner") don't tell me that you haven't lain awake at nights wondering whether this person really is right for you. Don't tell me your friends haven't insisted from the get-go that he's a total slut or she's a total loser because if you haven't you're either a member of Focus or you own a particularly life-like blow-up doll (NB A boyfriend or girlfriend who are Focus members and particularly life-like blow-up dolls are actu-

ally interchangeable). So here's my advice for a weekend of sheer comedy and electronic camaraderie in the world of those as ungainly and desperate as yourself.

- 1) Find an Internet personal site.
- 2) Pick a particularly obscure (preferably southern) state of the USA
- 3) Watch the laughs roll in
- 4) Become strangely fascinated
- 5) Join one yourself

The above is a simple recipe whereby you too may become as disturbingly obsessed by this universe of frustration as I have. Addiction to the ever-revolving world of Internet personals is not unlike that of stumbling home drunk and watching the Blue Blockers commercial. Or that one for the exercise bike that's made like a soap opera, or the Danny Bonnaduci "Late Show" or... at any rate it's hypnotic.

1) How do I find an Internet personal site?

This is pretty easy — there are about a hundred on the web and some of them are absolutely massive. Hotmail, the company that gives out free e-mail accounts, has a classified advertising service that includes personals that are some of the biggest in the world. There are 10 000 000 subscribers to Hotmail (or so the organisation claims, but the number doesn't seem to be that unreasonable) so a great deal of those with accounts choose to use the classifieds to sell

everything from cameras to their cocks. All you have to do to view an ad or, indeed, place your own is to join Hotmail which is free, relatively easy and gives you the bonus of an e-mail account that is accessible off campus. Very handy when you want to write whatever you want without "the man" givin' ya grief. Hotmail allows you to place a free ad with a photo, if you send it to them, plus a couple of hundred words describing who you are and who you're looking for. This of course makes for fantastic comedic value which will be discussed later.

Of course Hotmail is not the only one of these sites. matchmaker.com is another and claims to be the biggest. I wouldn't recommend it though because whilst the questionnaire is ridiculously detailed, the Australian contingent is not nearly as big as Hotmail's. If you want real value for money then the personalised services are for you. Some of these are hilarious. Some of them quite practical. There are several Jewish "matchmaker" services such as "Yenta", which is connected to "student.com" (a kind of on-line campus) for good little Jewish boys who wish to follow in the grand tradition of being hen-pecked by their fearsome mothers into marrying a nice Jewish girl who will continue the role previously played by

their mothers. My absolute favourite though were the "Gothic Personals" which used to feature on a page entitled, in all seriousness, "The Gothic Classifieds". Sadly The Gothic Classifieds are no longer with us so I guess we'll never know whether that 16 year old right here in Canberra ever found a gothic girl to share his love of dark music such as, errr, Pearl Jam with.

There are many others of course such as the highly shonky "Happiness For Life Introductions" founded by "Father" Neil Glover and listed under "Christian" on Yahoo. A meeting place for computer literate Christians... sure, why not. Actually while you're there you can check out the very secular links to their subsidiary "eXclusive Introductions" which features a half-naked blonde chick with her hands clasped over her large breasts. Obviously Father Glover belongs to one of those new, liberal congregations. Or why not check out their offices in the Ukraine (!). To think all this, plus their magazine for only \$400 a year and \$20 for every letter you send. Bargains galore! You sure can count on the good Padre to deliver.

Or what about The Singles Center where you can choose a graphic rather than a photo of yourself because "we feel a photo doesn't necessarily reveal the real you". One can only surmise that this one is a haven for the ugly. For the openly sleazy at heart there's the Adult Pleasure Zone which, whilst not vile, is expressly for the purpose of routin'. This site even offers links to business' selling erotic confectionary. Erotic cake shop... mmmmmmm.

2) Pick a particularly obscure (preferably southern) state of the USA

OK, by this I don't mean that you should confine your exploration of possibilities to a place where people think that getting a job at Taco Bell is the top of the corporate tree, but by finding the really bizarre ones you can reassure yourself that your life is not that bad after all.

Now pick your city and search. You'd be way, way surprised by the number of people in your post code who are advertising. Go ahead, say to yourself "Oh is if I'd ever do that!". Who are you kidding. We're students we'd do anything for a root and by purposely going to the badlands you can assure yourself that others would do ANYTHING for a root.

3&4) Watch the laughs roll in/ Become strangely fascinated.

At this point you're laughing despite yourself. You want to write to someone. You can feel it. You're making excuses for yourself, but don't deny it, all your bad ass little personal column fantasies are flashing before your eyes. Your pulse is racing and you suddenly realise that you are at one with all those who have fallen into the trap.

5) Join one yourself.

So now we arrive at the business end of the whole enterprise. At this point you've either writ-



ten to someone or placed your own pathetic ad and had someone write to you. Now what? Well here's the fun part, the part where you decide whether to live and yet simultaneously risk death or never never know because you never never went.

So here's some things to look out for...

* Be suspicious of people from overseas advertising to meet "friends" in Australia because they are invariably dodgy. They are looking for either a sponsor to help them emigrate, a mail order hus-

band or bride in reverse, or free room and board when they arrive here. Of course they could also be looking for a ready-made shag waiting for them on these fair shores.

* Ads with photos are no more nor less trustworthy than ads without them. Many people don't have access to a scanner in order to place their photo and couldn't be bothered sending it by hand. There is also the possibility that they don't want you to recognise them should you be browsing and be someone they know. A distinct possibility in a small city such as Canberra. You can however generally assume that the person in the photo is the person you're writing to but there are generally clauses in most sites abdicating responsibility if someone's full of shit, so one can only imagine that it must have happened at one stage or another.

* If someone gives out their contact details after about the third time you've written to them, unless you clearly are in total psychic unison, be a little sus. If all you ever exchanged is e-mail pleasantries and someone's giving you their phone number you've got to wonder what the hell their story is. Be wary too of someone who'll only give you their mobile number. Whilst it's understandable that they may be in a domestic situation that could prove potentially embarrassing should you call (eg nosy flatmates) if they haven't told you that, then it's right of you to wonder why. After all there may very well be a husband or wife they've also forgotten to tell you about.

* If you do meet someone make sure it's somewhere public and don't accept an offer to go to dinner or a movie if it's your first meeting with them. Have a cup of coffee instead. It's cheaper and you're able to leave more quickly should the meeting prove too disastrous from your perspective.

* People on the Net are as varied as the people you know. They can be really sweet or they can be Geoffrey Dahmer, or even a really sweet Geoffrey Dahmer. Use your common sense.

People using the Internet to meet other people range from the kings of ultra-sleaze to incredibly sincere. It's just that there's more of them... so many more.

Honorary Weirdo Award



Men Seeking Men

2 Dads 4 you, 53 years old, 5' 10"

Body Type: A Few Extra Pounds

Relationship: Long-term

Ethnicity: Caucasian

Religion: Christian

Other: Doesn't Smoke

Doesn't Drink

Doesn't Have Children

Doesn't Want Children

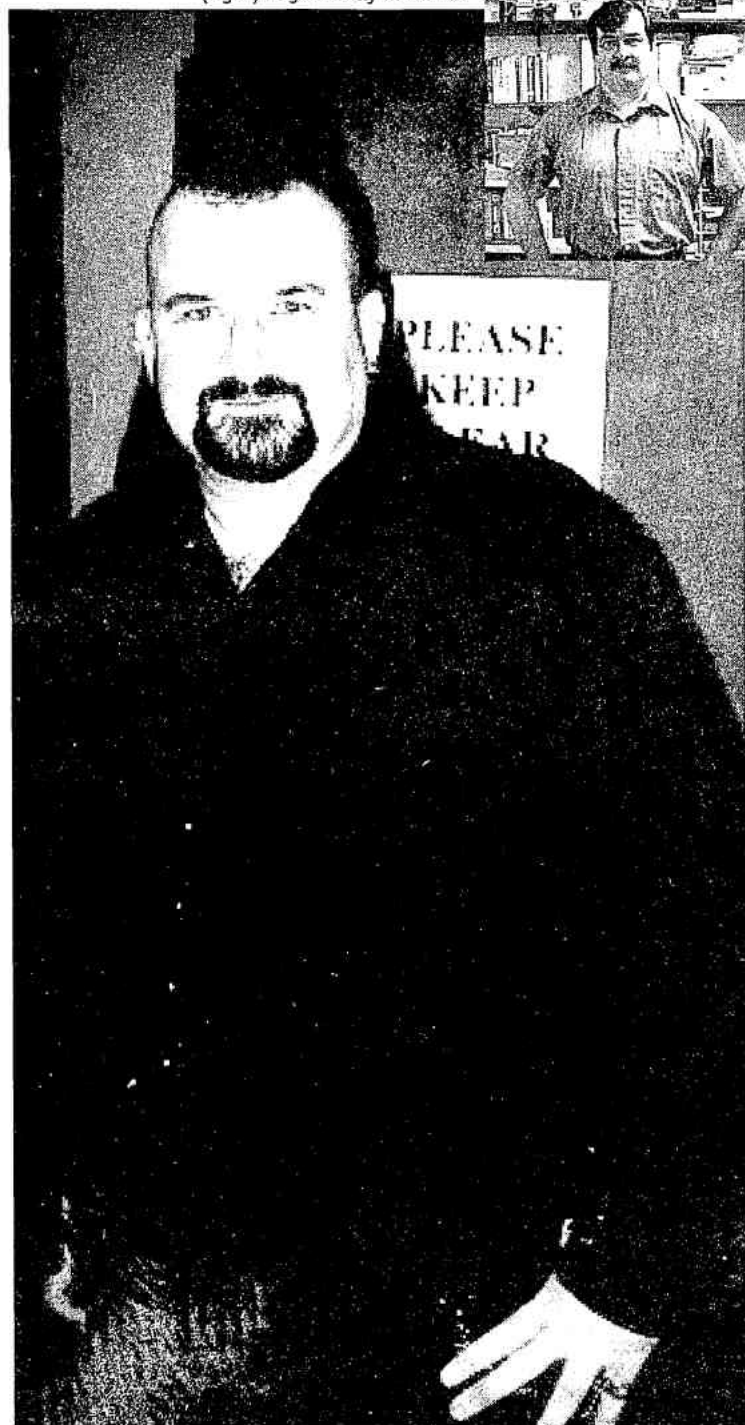
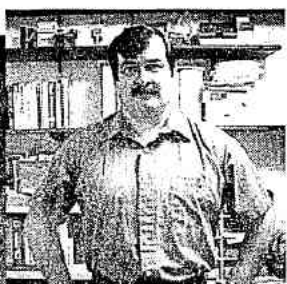
Description

Hello, We are a Gay White Male Couple, looking for a very special guy. We would like to find a young man 25 or UNDER who needs lots of love. Maybe someone from a broken home or someone who does not get along with his parents. Maybe someone who does not have the ?gay? look, or might be overweight. Maybe someone who does not smoke or drink. Maybe someone who would like lots of hugs. Maybe someone who thinks closeness and caring and tenderness is far more important than just getting off. Maybe someone who would like Gay Parents who understand his feelings and what he is going through. Maybe someone who is lonely and needs some love in his life. We have been together for over 15 years, and share a stable, loving relationship. We have lots of love to share with the right guy. We do not have a lot of money and we are not looking for someone to move in with us right away. We might like to try 3-way sex, but only if it is part of a sharing, loving relationship



(above) This guy was under the impression that crucifying rubber chickens would make him more attractive to chicks. Clearly he is alone in this belief

(right) It gets chilly in Alaska



(above) The dangers of getting Viagra in your hair are here cruelly illustrated

Love Me Tender

Here's my story, bland but true. Actually it's more of a confession about my secret vice: *The Chronicle's* Make-a-Date column. Every week I flip past the sport pages to see what's new in the market for lonely hearts. There's always a number of single mothers and occasionally I'll read something almost too funny to be true. Like: "M19 Nihilist. Seeks similar".

I've concluded from my research that non-smokers seem to be lonelier than smokers, probably because cigarettes offer an icebreaker; you can ask for a light, a smoke or strike up conversation outside smoke-free buildings.

I've been very lucky with the ladies in my life and now tell myself that it's only curiosity — but once, after breaking up with a long running girlfriend, I decided to submit my own advertisement. It was a brief blurb filled with the usual abbreviations and, after careful drafting, summed me up in three lines.

I received two replies.

The first was three double-sided pages long with a colour photo and seemed like a plea for help. This poor soul needed companionship and therapy beyond what I was prepared to offer and, with some guilt for the five dollars she'd paid for this unrewarded outpouring of personal detail, I threw it in the bin. The second was a page long and intriguing. We met, didn't seem to have much

in common and let it go.

Late last year with the holidays approaching and too much time on my hands I decided to try answering some ads and see what happened. I figured I'd invest a little each way and answered four promising blurbs, sending them each the same letter.

I received one letter in return.

She was a student and part-time model of African origins with some similar interests and I didn't hesitate to call. My jaw literally dropped when she approached the rendezvous. She was as gorgeous as you'd expect a model to be in the flesh and, much to my surprise, was keen to see me again. We spent entire days together, her experiences and views were so incredibly different to my own that our conversations continued for hours. And the sex was pretty good too. However, after a fortnight I found myself arguing with her almost constantly and realised that I was under the thumb. She said I didn't appreciate her enough and things came to an end when I explained my inability to understand her beliefs, like that god exists or homosexuality is just a phase.

Since then I've concluded that the Make-a-Date can't fulfil the promise of romance — how can anyone hope to find love in three lines? Now I read the column for a simple and honest pleasure: voyeurism.

Whit Waltman



Bush Week Program

Monday

17th
August

10am -3pm ANU Red Cross Crescent Club will be holding a blood drive throughout Bush Week. The Red Cross Bloodhound will be in Union Court and students and staff will be able to sign up to give blood.

Scavenger Hunt continues.

12-2pm Engineering Society BBQ. Held out the front of the Engineering Building.

Tuesday

18th
August

10am-3pm ANU Red Cross Crescent Club sign up staff in Union Court.

Its not too late to start collecting for the scavenger hunt.

7pm — Pewter Night held in the ANU Uni Bar. This is a Bush Week Forestry Student Tradition. Contestants (traditionally in the year they turn 21) drink a pint every ten minutes til the drop. There is no prize for the winner but the glory

(and perhaps a side trip to the hospital). Those interested in taking part must sign up @ the Forestry Department in the week before Bush Week.

Wed

19th
August

10.30am — The first run to the Blood Bank leaving from Union Court.

12pm — ANU Kapoko Environment Club BBQ on Sullis bank over the bridge opposite the Uni Bar. A small fee will be charged for those wanting BBQ lunch, but this is a great chance to celebrate Bush Week with other environmentally like minded people. Also a good chance to find out about the plan to create an ANU Earth Charter: a collection of the values of ANU students on the environment. It is not just about the tress and Sullis Creek but basic environmental values of students and staff at ANU. Also a chance to get involved and meet students planning a Sullis action day on 31st August.

1pm — Blood Bank run

2pm — Blood Bank run

Scavenger Hunt.

6.30-9.30pm — Century Challenge: this is a Challenge Club event to be held in the ANU Uni Bar. \$5 for a shot of beer every five minutes until you drop. The rules are no spewing, and no pissing.

7.30pm — Pool competition in the Uni Bar.

Thursday

20th
August

10.30am — Blood Bank run leaving from Union Court.

12pm onwards — ANUSA Bush Week FREE BBQ. Provided by your friendly ANU Students' Association. There will also be a jumping castle, crazy ridey things and some live music provided by the ANU's 'Insanely Happy Society'. Come along the enjoy the crazy atmosphere of ANU Bush Week and grab some free lunch and \$1 beers.

1pm — Blood Bank run

2pm — Blood Bank run

Scavenger Hunt. Judged by *Woroni* in Union Court from 11am to 2pm. Bring your stuff along.

ANU Uni Bar — Bush Week special — Midnight Oil for the Redneck Wonderland Tour. Supported by Pale Riders and Steddy Eddy. Tickets available from the Union.

Friday

21st
August

9.30am — Free Bush Week Recovery Breakfast.

Come along and watch the famous woodchopping show put on by the Forestry Students. Separate male and female contests. Get those steel cap boots on.

Breakfast will include pancakes, orange juice, fruit, croissants and champagne. ALL FREE and provided by your ANU Students' Association. Jazz band will also be playing.

10.30am — Blood Bank run

12.30pm — ITA Rally to start in Union Court.

This is your chance to voice your opposition to the planned cuts to the ART School and the Music School. The last rally held was a great success with thousands of students and ANU staff, some horny players, string players and the wonderful sounds of a bagpipe player.

1pm — Blood Bank run

1pm — Iron Gut competition put on the by the Forestry Students. Contestants must run several times around a circuit wile periodically drinking beer and eating rot. Winner is the first person to finish the set number of circuits. It will be held on the shores of Sullivans Creek and there will be a \$25 prize for the winner.

2pm — Blood Bank run

2pm — Tug of War run by the Forestry Students.

Also held on the shores of Sullivans Creek. Teams of ten will tug for glory. A great chance for Resi's to band together. Prize for the winners.

3pm — Boat races held in Union Court and run by the Forestry Students. Another team event with eight people per side sculling for victory. Clubs and Resi's get your action drinkers into this event. There will be a prize for the winning team.

Prizes for Scavenger Hunt will be given out:

1st prize \$400

2nd prize \$300

3rd prize \$200

4th prize \$100

Bush Week finale — ANU Bar. \$5.00 for five beers, plus LIVE bands.

THE SCAVENGER HUNT

THINGS TO GET

15	Real fur coats (no fakes)	50
50	Original Star Wars figurine in plastic wrapper	40
5	Croquet hoop	1000
75	Academic record with only HD's	15
100	Academic record with only fails	250
200	Bottle of Absinth	10
10	A-Team memorabilia	35
10	C.H.I.P.S. memorabilia (each)	10
25	Hand-held Donkey Kong game	10
50	World Cup 98 card of David Beckham (bonus if defaced)	35
100	Largest butt-plug	100
60	Best holy relic	40
200	Foreskin (unattached)	50
50	Pig head (from butcher only)	15
20	Cow eyeballs (from butcher only) (each)	50
150	'Life. Be In It' ball	30
75	Wooden leg/prosthetic limb	1000
5	ATM withdrawal receipt at 3.12am (max 30)	2000
50	Drink driving ticket	
60	Gun	
100	A moose head	
250	Rescue services vehicle	450
20	Milk vanilla cd or cassette (no remixes)	450
35	Sitar	300
60	Kilt (Bonus for wearing it - without undies)	300
40	Best Eric Cartman lookalike	300
-100	Deane Terrell (tied up - 500 points)	300
-100	Chris Burgess	300
-100	Burgman males	300
60	Novelty bong	300
80	Ben Lexcen winged skateboard	300
120	Human skull	300
80	Pool ponies	300
200	Caravan	300
30	Biggest flares	300
200	Aboriginal Flag signed by Pauline Hanson	300
20	Spice Girls backpack	300
150	Hand grenade	300
50	Jar of maggots (you win if you eat them!)	300
500	Toad from Toad Hall	300
100	1978 Saab	300
200	Any Member of ACT Legislative Assembly	300
40	Jumbo chess piece	300
60	ADFA Cadet in uniform	300
10	Swiss Army knife (max 5)	300
30	Kambook iron	
15	8-ball from pool table (max 3)	
60	Commodore 64 computer (bonus if working and can play Pac Man)	
75	Rubber tree	
20	Canned Prunes	
60	Zero-G Fitness strider	
50	Bottle of Valium (200 if take all)	
150	Viagra	
60	Prozac	
60	Pack of Casino Canberra cards without holes punched in them	
20	Any video with Corey Haim/ Feldman	
15	Calvin Klein jeans	
150	1970s Cons	
20	He Man figures (each)	
30	Upwords	
2	Winner 98 Lions Oratory contest	
10	'The Woman Most Likely' book by Cheryl Kernot	
70	Feral Cheryl doll, as made in Byron Bay	
30	Signed copy of 'Theory of Macroeconomics' by Graham Wells	
40	Woodgers Raiders Jumper	
20	Fluro orange and blue pre 1992 ACTION bus	

tickets

50	Piece of Berlin Wall
40	Piece of Canberra Hospital
1000	Christopher Skase
15	Cherry Coke
250	O.B.E.
10	Diana memorabilia - the tackier the better (each)
35	Feel the Power number plate
10	Broccoli soup from O-week (max 2)
10	South Pacific Rugby Club card
35	Funniest student card photo
100	Mulga Bill's bicycle
40	Tickets to AFL Grand Final
50	Original Godzilla movie
15	Ticket stub to movie 'Spawn'
50	Personal letter from a Prime Minister
30	Oldest record (LP)
1000	Jackie Chan's parents
2000	Jackie Chan

LARGEST COLLECTION OF...

450	Brussel sprouts
450	Eggs
300	Stimpson's stuff
300	Stats lecturers
300	Garden gnomes
300	Australian Womens' Forum
300	Witches hats
300	Bed pans
300	Button mushrooms/ cherry tomatoes
300	Barbie merchandise
300	Lego
300	Toupees
300	Muppet babies
300	NUS badges
300	Bruce Hall mugs (with permission note)
300	Library photocopy cards
300	Student cards
300	Student cards under same name
300	Membership cards to ANU clubs
300	Pre 98 Woroni
300	Curio magazines
300	Lollipops
300	Walking sticks
300	Mr Men books

STUNTS

250	Receipt from Big Cheese in Bodalla - on day of Scav Hunt
150	Drinking 4 litres of goon between 4 people
400	Burning your degree
150	Lilo down Sullivans Creek
75	Eat fish food
150	Eat fly sandwich (minimum 12 flies)
350	Drink jar of fresh urine
150	Bring ACTION bus driver in uniform
150	Live action bondage play
30	Smoking pipes
70	Wade across Sullies Creek
60	Longest conga line
50	Bring along Boy Scouts (per boy)
70	Hells Angels (per man)
50	Man in female swimmers
40	Man in wedding dress
40	Female in tuxedo
50	A guy shaving his legs

THE RULES

The rules for the Scavenger Hunt are simple: Get a team together (maximum 15), and register with the Bush Week people. To do this simply drop a piece of A4 paper in the box outside the Union office with the following info: Your team name, the college, department or club (or bunch of friends) you represent, a contact name and phone number, and approximate team numbers, or just rock up to the judges before the event.

Judging will take place in Union Court on Thursday 20 August between 11am and 2pm. Bring your stuff to Union Court within these times — not earlier and not later. The winning team will be the one that accumulates the most number of points on the official Scav Hunt list below.

Neither Woroni nor the ANU Union or Students' Association condone theft, "borrowing", assault, breaking and entering, vandalism or other such illegal activities. By entering the Scav Hunt you assume full responsibilities for your actions. The Judges' decision, will of course, be final. 1st Prize \$400, 2nd Prize \$300, 3rd Prize \$200, 4th Prize \$100

75	Bound and gagged Students' Association politician
200	Undie run with guys and girls in same gear
1000	Ben Halliday and/or Kate Harriden kissing Brendan Shanahan's butt
75	Team members singing Karaoke
100	Walking on big pair of stilts
50	Completing Rubiks Cube in front of judges

DODGY STUFF

50	'No Golfing' sign
50	'ANU Oval Closed' sign
50	'Warning Magpie Swooping' sign
70	'Parking Inspectors on duty 24 hours' sign
5	Sullies cups (max 20)
40	Sullies table (with permission)
2	ACTTAB betting forms (max 20)
100	Any smashed car
60	Jaguar off a Jaguar
80	Road kill
1	McDonalds straws (max 60)
50	Piece of Floriade fence - with proof
50	Gym equipment from Sports Union (with permission)
60	Curio editor dead or alive
150	Black Thunder

A special note from your SA President:
THESE ITEMS WILL ONLY COUNT IF PROCURED LEGALLY

SEXUAL STUFF

25	Leather undies
50	Double adapter
60	Penis enlarger
80	Silicon breasts
40	Breast enlarger
10	World Cup 98 condom
40	Pink nylon g-string
40	Lesbian Barbie
40	Gay Ken doll
50	Spice Girls topless magazine
400	Jo Beth Taylor video
400	Kate Carnell video
100	Mimi McPherson video
15	Biggest/ smallest condom
40	Porn featuring Mulder and Scully
40	Porn featuring David Hasselhoff

NUDE PHOTOS

250	Mounting the Dog on Tuckerbox
250	With Big Merino
250	With Big Trout in Adaminaby
300	In front of Police Station
150	In Woroni office
100	In Uni Bar
100	Longest nude male conga line
10	Nude with Natasha Stott-Despoja
300	Team member nude on Spinnaker Island in Lake Burley Griffin
300	Team nude on Captain Cook Water Jet
200	Most nude photos taken in broad sunny day light
150	Nude with a celebrity
150	Nude in a toddler floaty pool

WAY DOWN IN THIS... SUBCULTCHA



IN A CONTINUATION OF WORONI'S INCREASINGLY PHILOSOPHICAL DIRECTION, CRACK REPORTER SAM UPRITCHARD PONDER'S WHAT IT IS TO BE "SUBCULTURE" IN CANBERRA IN 1998. IN THIS PIECE HE CHOOSES THREE CATEGORIES OF CREATIVE EXPRESSION AND PROFILES THOSE WHO ENTERTAIN SOME NOTION OF BEING "ALTERNATIVE". (PS RATHER FLATTERINGLY SAM MENTIONS WORONI'S OWN EDITOR, ENTIRELY OF HIS OWN VOLITION)

WHAT IS A SUBCULTURE?

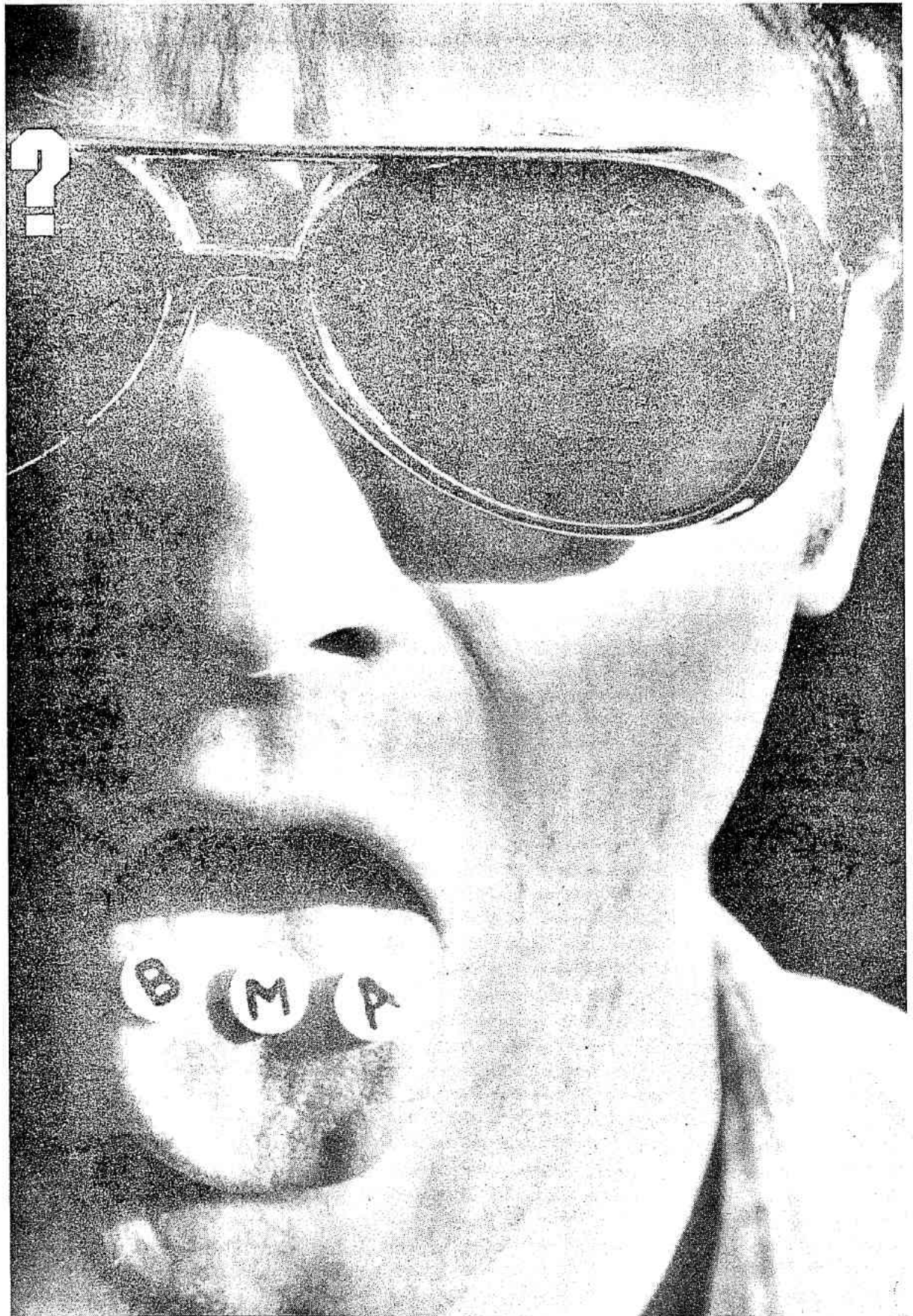
My Dad is always telling me how impressed he is with my generation. That there is such diversity in fashion, behaviour and ideals among the youth of today astounds him. He tells me that in his day, either you were hip or square, and there was no in between. There were strict guidelines about what you had to do in order to be "cool", and conformity was the key. Such dichotomies of subsections of the community abounded in the sixties and early seventies: either you were with the establishment, or a rebel; either you liked Elvis, or the Beatles; your folks either drove a Ford or a Holden. There was only one culture, and one subculture.

A generation before my Dad's day, society was even more conformist, and to be a member of the Beatnik subculture, you only had to participate in the mildest of activities, compared to today's standards. Drinking coffee and discussing intellectual ideas in a metropolitan setting, getting drunk at all night parties, hitch-hiking all over the country, producing your own creative outputs through poetry or prose, and taking the occasional illicit drug made you an outcast. These days, you could be considered an outcast if you didn't participate in any of these activities.

One thing our generation has taken from previous generations in this half of the century is that difference is good. In my Dad's generation, being different simply meant being different from the mainstream. To be a non-conformist, all you had to do is identify ways in which to defy the norm, and then conform to this behaviour. Today, people value being completely different from other people, not just the prescriptions of a restrictive society. Each individual has the choice of participating in several of innumerable activities. Thus, it becomes difficult to identify individuals simply in terms of their interests: computer geeks have a life outside of computers, punks may appreciate the music but not the ideals of the punk scene and most student journalists couldn't pick another journalist from regular people. Even classifying individuals by their multiple interests is problematic in that

doing so neither identifies that individual adequately, nor does it encapsulate any sub-culture in which they may participate.

The other problem with identifying a subculture is that there are so few people who participate fully in a given scene. Most people only are half heartedly interested in something, and even if their interest is greater, they often have other concerns that keep them from dedicating their lives to it. Canberra is particularly bereft of subcultures, mainly because we do not have the population to support a broad array of underground communities. While Canberra is full of creative and imaginative people, more often than not events put on by such people do not spawn more events due to lack of interest. Our small population probably produces dichotomies similar to our parent's day. Either you listen to commercial radio, or you listen to "alternative" music. Either you like to go out to sleazy night clubs, or you like to sit in the corner of dim pubs. Either you're a northside person, or you live south of the lake. Either you have a life, or you don't. In any case, Canberra doesn't have subcultures as much as it has a bunch of people who have common interests.



(above) Andrew licks it up

photo: Jason Richardson

WANNABE JOURNOS



Colin or Tiddler??

You may or may not know that the bunch of folk who put together the fine magazine you are currently perusing are part of a subculture in Canberra: the subculture of young journalists. A couple of years ago, the ABC aired a comedy/drama/soap in its pubescent time slot called "Press Gang", about a bunch of folk who put together a magazine for the younger section of the community. Although the Canberra magazine scene isn't quite as funny or warm-fuzzy-feeling as Spike, Lynda and the rest of the gang, there are some similarities. Like the drama - I'm sure you can recall the episode of when Spike wrote sev-

eral commentaries that were quite derogative to fellow media personalities, and a high court judge, which resulted in the *Junior Gazette* being sued for defamation. And who could forget the following episodes where the paper's sponsors tried to influence the editorial direction of the paper to make it less offensive. Those episodes sure did

bring up some interesting arguments about freedom of speech and the social responsibility of the press. Is this a case of life imitating art, or maybe it's just me making shit up. In any case, maybe that's what we all love about Brendan - his Lynda Day aspect, where he takes no shit from anyone, and his Spike aspect, which is his happy-go-lucky, humorous side.

Jason Richardson, a local journalist who has contributed to two of the three main youth-print-media in Canberra for many years believes the current debate about censorship and offensiveness is

healthy. "It's healthy because it's a dialogue between students that wouldn't otherwise happen. Sure *Woroni* is acting as devils advocate, but at least it's stimulating discussion." On the other hand, surely it isn't the media's role to go into the public and just insult everything and everyone. To this, Jason responds "There is a difference between flippancy and ideology and it's up to readers to differentiate between the two. The problem with a lot of media in this country is that they go out with the intention not to insult anyone, and so they end up becoming more like *Women's Weekly* or *Entertainment Tonight*, and ignoring a lot of interesting issues."

Andrew Collins, also a young journalist who had contributed to two out of the big three (*BMA*, *Curio*, and this trashy mag) has a similar view. "Once I did a review in *BMA* of a gig at the Boardroom. Everyone involved with the gig was displeased with what I wrote. Though I was pleased with my work, and so were my editors, the bands in question weren't pleased because I didn't blow flowers up their arses." That there were people displeased with the review didn't make it badly written or bad journalism. On the question of editorial direction, Andrew says "I've never been constrained by my editors, but you are constrained by the medium. Doing street press means you can't be super critical of what your writing about. Some people have enough street-cred to pull it off, but it's not my style." This year, Andrew became a sub-editor in *Curio*. "I'm dreading having to pull people into line — I'm no Lynda Day."

The youth media scene is easy to get into — *BMA* is always looking for new contributors,

Woroni probably won't kick you out the door (unless your work is too critical of the editors, then they might censor you, or too offensive, then the censorship team might censor you), and *Curio* even pays some contributors (which must account for why they are such a classy mag). There are perks with the trade — "I'd be lying if I didn't say the Freebies," says Andrew, but he also sees it as a head start for a future career. Jason appreciates that it provides him with a social life — shows, films, and CDs. There is also a down-side "Deadlines suck — but that's only if you're like me," says Andrew. Jason is a bit more disillusioned "In music media, there are limited ways you can review, and a lot of it just boils down to promotion."

What is the purpose of the youth media? According to Andrew, the UCan journalism department teaches that journalists are supposed to represent the community's conscience, but he doesn't see himself as representing the broader community. "I don't see myself as being so high-and-mighty, I just tell it like I see it." Jason highlights some paradoxes in youth media. "Although it's a publication, it's not intended for the general public. The recent letter in *BMA* criticising it for being a youth publication that has swearing in it. The people who wrote that letter were offended because *BMA* is not meant for them, and it is precisely because it is a youth magazine that it had swearing in it. Youth media is a mouthpiece for youth culture, like *BMA* is, for the most part, a mouthpiece for the local music industry. The problem with *Woroni* is that it does not speak to intellectuals at university — which is the kind of audience it's meant for."

PUNKS

A lot of people would agree that the punk scene in Canberra is quite healthy at the moment — with a lot of experienced musicians forming a wide variety of bands, no lack of venues to play, and no shortage of punters to come to shows either. Matt Levey, a veteran of the Canberra punk scene, attributes this last element to the rise in popularity of overseas punk bands, or pseudo punk, such as Blink 182 and the Mighty Mighty Bosstones. "The rise of big punk acts overseas now means that people are willing to come and check out local artists." This willingness for concertgoers to part with their hard-earned three bucks (or sometimes \$20+ for overseas acts) means that punk as a subculture is alive and kicking in Canberra. While this coming of age may have been a long time coming, according to Matt, it has also caused a corruption of the original intentions of Punk. Punk earlier this decade often addressed important social issues, whereas the current punk phenomenon usually doesn't go past whingeing about beer and babes. Before, punk was about getting the message out there, and now, according to Matt there is much more emphasis on making money and selling products.

Matt's story begins when he was in his mid-teens and the grunge phenomena sparked his interest in fast and heavy guitar music. "I was never into the slower side of grunge, like Pearl Jam or Alice in Chains. When I was about 17, I formed Plan BBB with a few friends. Our intention was to go for the fast grunge sound, but we found the music a bit technically challenging. We were supposed to be like the Pixies with a punk edge, but we couldn't play well in that genre, so we slipped into punk." At the time, the Canberra scene was quite unpopulated. "When I first started going to gigs, the Hammonds were the only punk act around. I was more into indie-pop at the time, like the Dreaming Genies. Then bands like Pothole and Forward Defence started playing, and that really set the scene for a whole new generation of punk bands after that, like Buttinugget, Goons, Hired Goons, and Plan BBB. For a while, the scene was split in two, with bands either playing hard-core punk or pop punk, and there was a fair amount of bitterness between the two factions. The popularisation of punk has really helped to heal this rift."

"When I first got into punk, I was really excited that there was such a powerful musical medium that has such a strong social message. I thought punk could create a forum to change the world. Punk in the seventies and eighties was about antisocial people. They dressed for the shock value, and confronted peoples social values. Now, with the corporatisation of punk, the scene is so sanitised. Corporate punk was epitomised by the Vans Warped tour. Although there were some good bands that played, fundamentally, the whole event was about selling more shoes and other punk as-

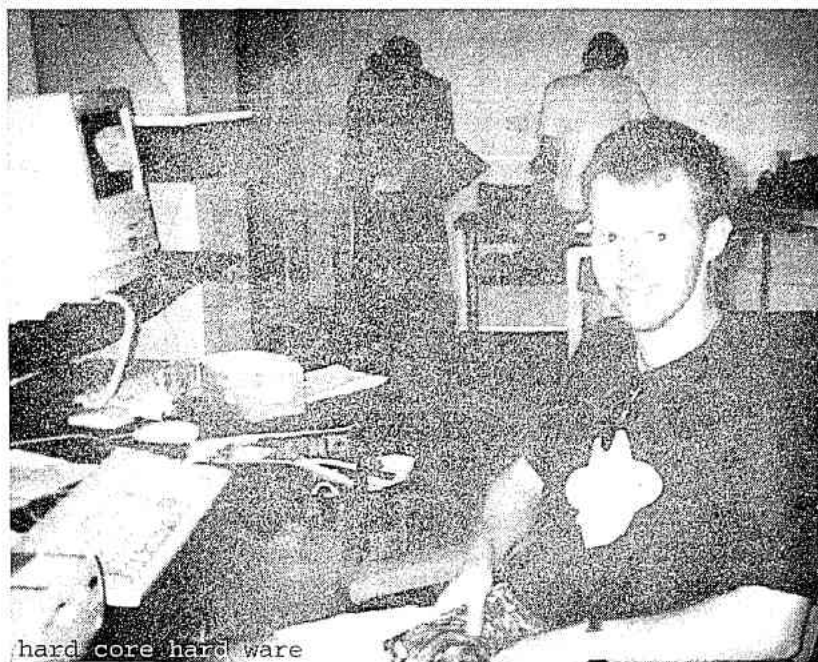
sociated products. A lot of bands these days won't tour unless they've got a hotel suite in every town, and a guaranteed profit for the tour. The good thing about underground punk is that we've got no problems with sleeping on someone's floor. Most of the time, we don't know if we'll get paid for a gig, but we'll play it anyway. Punk is not about getting somewhere, it's about doing something with your life. I'm sure if I wanted to, I could step into a scummy office job, but I'd rather live on the dole and play punk. Materialism is tempting, but I'd feel bad about myself."

While Matt originally thought that the punk scene would be a true subculture in that its members would share similar ideals as well as appreciation for the same music, now he finds that it is only the music that attracts many people to it. "You used to be able to see a punk and know that you had common ideals, but now you can't just see them and identify their values. I don't really socialise in the punk scene. My social group doesn't really appreciate my sense in music, and many of my music associates don't share my ideals. A lot of bands these days make very passionate and loud sounding music, but they're just screaming about nothing. I've got no problem with them making music like that, I just don't see the point about jumping around and shouting when the ideas behind the music are so passionless and non-confronting." So while the ACT punk scene is alive and kicking in terms of numbers, it is becoming less and less of a subculture, and more like a bunch of people who have similar tastes in music.

COMPUTER GEEKS

Could you really call computer geeks members of a subculture? While there are a small number of people who dedicate their waking lives to praying to the TV shaped shrine by tapping, clicking and dragging various implements, the use of computers is becoming more widespread in the community. It is becoming harder to distinguish the hard-core of computer users from the general community, due the increasing number of people using computers either for business or pleasure.

Geoff Andersen works in a second hand software store, and is in regular contact with a broad range of computer users in the ACT. "We get all types in our store, ranging from novice to expert. We get people who just got their first computer, through to people who have been working with computers since they've been available for home use. The second type is more likely to be a hard-core geek." While computer users are becoming more widespread in the community, Geoff has



hard core hardware

noticed particularly that they are getting younger all the time. "With the advent of the console, you now get kids as young as five being introduced to the world of gaming. This probably means that when these kids grow up, they're going to be brilliant at using computers. I've been using computers since I was eight." Just like cigarette companies aim their advertising to get smokers to start when they're young, the console makers are trying to make computers games the preferred format of entertainment over television for the pre-

pubescent age group. Also, Geoff has noticed a gender disparity in the computer using community. "Of the people I see in the store, eighty percent would be male, with the other twenty percent being female." Geoff has painted

half the portrait of the typical computer geek: young and male. The other half is that they're skinny, nerdy looking, with thick glasses and parted hair. "This stereotype doesn't exist so much any more - in fact, a lot of computer geeks are overweight due to lack of exercise. Most of the time, they'll eat meals while sitting at the computer."

Percival P. Periwinkle, a current student in ANU's Information Technology faculty, believes that geeks who are offended by being called computer geeks often think of this stereotype, as exemplified in one of the best films from last decade, "Revenge of the Nerds." Percival has no problem with the computer geek label because he knows this stereotype does not apply to him. "I don't deny being a geek, but I'm OK with that because I get into other stuff, outside of computing." Similarly, Geoff doesn't base his life solely around computers, he plays also in two bands. "A

customer in the store thought I was purely a computer geek, but then he saw a picture of me in BMA - he had no idea I had any interest outside of computers. Now the two of us have another interest in common, and he wants to see my band play." Percival denies that Info Tech at ANU is overrun with nerds. "It's generally not people in IT who

become computer addicts. When you're in IT all day, you get sick of computers, so you hardly want to go home and play all night. If you're looking for real nerds, check out the maths department."

The second problem with defining computer geekery as a subculture, aside from distinguishing from other computer users, is that using a computer is generally a isolated exercise. Geoff compares the life of a computer geek to that of a football player "Sports probably have more camaraderie, because their hobby is based around working together, whereas the geek is more solitary. Many heavy computer users lack some social skills because they spend all day not socially interacting. I'm not saying that computer geeks can't communicate, but they tend to have their own mannerisms that separate them from everyone else. Just like motor heads can discuss technical stuff like engines and parts and stuff, computer geeks have stuff to talk about: games, operating systems, microchips and so on." Percival agrees that computer geeks have more in common outside of computer usage. "There tends to be an element of TV entertainment which is attractive to geeks: *South Park*, *Simpsons*, *Red Dwarf* and the *X Files*. I've got a non-geek friend who was dismayed to find that her favourite shows were the centre of geek obsessions." Also, computer usage isn't purely solitary. "There are geeks who spend all their time hanging out in chats. Generally people who play multiplayer games get together in real life." According to Geoff, it is the hard core geek who is more likely to be part of a subculture. "Those guys use computers while they're at work, they use them for entertainment at home, and also for socialising with other hard-core geeks."

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Black The Sun EP

Alex Lloyd

The sound of thunder cracks the sky. 'Black the sun / oh no look at what we've done.' And so begins the short but very sweet sojourn into the creativity of Alex Lloyd.

Black The Sun is the first solo release for writer and producer Lloyd, formerly the frontman for Sydney band Mother Hubbard. And it impresses. The sound captured is of an artist standing firmly in the 1990s, combining elements such as programming, strings and Hammond Organ to great effect. This is particularly so on the wistful title track and the powerful lament that is "Snow". A piano accordion



adds to the array on the touching Aliens while the Dylanesque final track Pretenders, with Lloyd's tender voice, is a beautiful way to close the EP.

This is a fine debut and shows that, as a solo artist, Alex Lloyd has much to offer. I await his forthcoming album with great anticipation.

—Michael Clark

Win Win Win

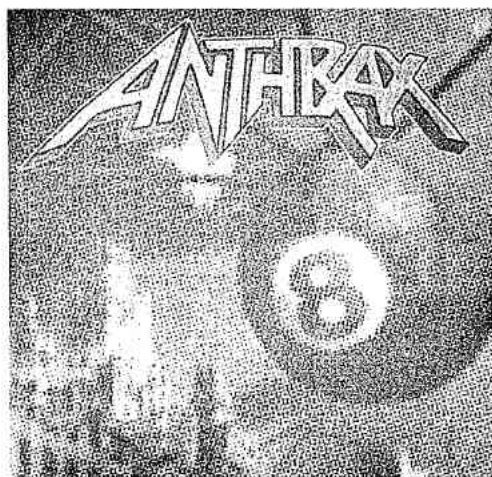
Woroni has a four copies of this brilliant new EP to give away. Just answer this one simple question and email the answer to woroni_articles@studnet.anu.edu.au. The single "snow" originally appeared on the soundtrack of which film? Clue: Its a Wes Craven film.



The Threat is Real

Anthrax

It's a hot Saturday afternoon, a dog barks. Walk down street your thong sticks to the bubbling tar, you plod on, your towel slung around your neck and a two dollar note clenched in your sweaty hand. Finally you make it to the pool, buying a red skin and jelly snakes on your way through. You gobble down the red skin, chuck everything back else in a pile and plunge into the pool. Sugar and relief surge through your veins, chlorine and sweat sting the eyes, your eyes fill with water. And you can just hear a background noise coming from a tinny loudspeaker. That noise is Anthrax, and it is the best way to listen to it.



The Threat is Real is middle of the road heavy metal, i.e. you can't hear the larynx of the lead singer bleeding and there is melody in most of the songs. Anthrax feel that the lyrics are unimportant to the music, as long as they are English, they rhyme and are angry. As evidence of this, take the first two lines of the album: 'Now you see me now you don't/Go before I am the goat.'

But taking the piss out of heavy metal is too easy. So I will stop, and conclude that as far as heavy metal goes this is a well produced album, which doesn't leave a bad after taste, but should be listened to from a distance.

—Xavier Gisz



Into the Sun

Sean Lennon

I've tried to be completely rational and objective in rating *Into the Sun*, the first recording attempt of Sean Lennon (yes that Lennon). I've failed. And so, with apologies to Sean, I admit what my subconscious was screaming from the first refrain: this is no *Sergeant Pepper*.

The guy's voice is not immediately engaging. It wafts in a kind of prepubescent croon over sparse acoustics and predictable harmonies, which aren't exactly bad ... but not something you'd pay for.

The young Lennon has, however, quite a knack for drawing, as the lavishly text-ed sleeve will testify. Strangely, the album's colourful sketches



make you really want to like it, even more than its creator's legendary name. And in a way, they succeed: they have a cheerful airiness and simplicity which begins to strike you on repeated listenings.

Among the stronger tracks, it's the instrumental "Photosynthesis" that reveals, amid moments of ambivalence, a few moments of promise - as long as you don't listen too hard. The singing, to, is okay once the initial irritation has worn off - sweet, but tinged with a pensiveness and fragility missing from the lyrics ('To lose the blues/I choose to flew the coop').

I'm not allowed to give half stars, or I'd be a little more generous in rating this patchy debut. *Into the Sun* has shown that Sean Lennon has, if not the creative genius, at least a sense of musicality and an ability to rhyme. But then, with a gene pool like that, who wouldn't?

—Lucie O'Brien

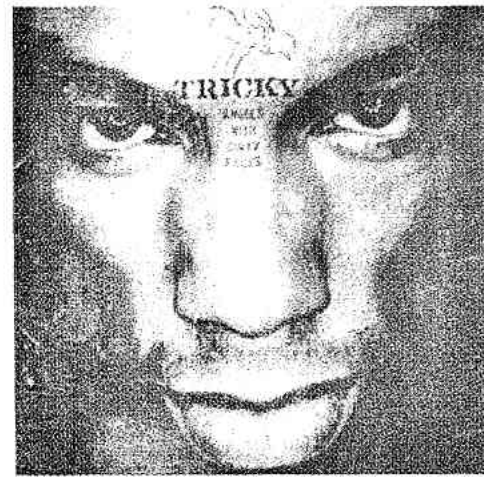


Angels with Dirty Faces

Tricky

Once you have created your own sound, your own genre, where do you go from there? Tricky's new record, while possibly his best release to date, somehow still doesn't deliver on all his promise and talent, but does more than enough to recapture your attention and hold it, and shows Tricky struggling with his position in the music scene, both in terms of his art and the industry.

His 1995 debut *Maxinquaye* was a masterpiece, even if it did sound like a collection of singles rather than a coherent album, but I must admit I gave up on the follow-up *Pre-Millennium Tension* pretty quickly. *Angels with dirty faces* is more com-



elling, and reminds me somehow of the dubbier moments on Fugazi's recent "End Hits", both in terms of lyrical content and musical tone. There is real musicianship here, not just an ability to tack a few fragmented beats and samples together, combined with a refusal to accept society's (and especially the music industry's) shit. While this album is typically dark and staccato, it also contains the most bleakly funky stuff Tricky has done, characterised by insistent hi-hat drumming, punky guitar lines, and an impossibly deep (yet never static) bass. Songs like "Money greedy" show Tricky at his absolute best, with a flawless choice of beats and samples, including a couple of awesome Public Enemy ones. Tricky's voice, is, as always, what makes the songs, as he sounds so close to the mike you can hear him breathe, somehow staying on top of all the chaos. He even sings a bit, on "Mellow" sounding strangely like Bono would sound if he had any real talent, all sleazy, lazy fin de siècle croon.

Where the album falls down is where he stands back, relying on someone else to carry the song, and using melodramatic samples with little subtlety, creating a dodgy substandard Portishead feel. On "Singing the blues", long-time collaborator Martina Topley-Bird labours alone with the vocals, and on "Broken Homes", which features P J Harvey and a gospel choir, the intensity and coherence is lost. What could have been so good is more than a little disappointing. Not because of the quality of their voices, which is unquestionably high, but because it all seems to fit together so much better when the various voices are interwoven with Tricky's.

This is my favourite Tricky record so far, even if it is not perfect. This is the sound of an artist who has come to a better understanding of what he wants to do, and found better ways to do it. Tricky is not content to rest on his reputation, but works hard to stretch and manipulate his sound. It does not always work, but when it does, the songs shift seamlessly from confrontational to atmospheric, from defiant to tender, desolate to resilient, all within the framework of a coherent, yet never predictable sound.

—Paul H.

What I'm hearing

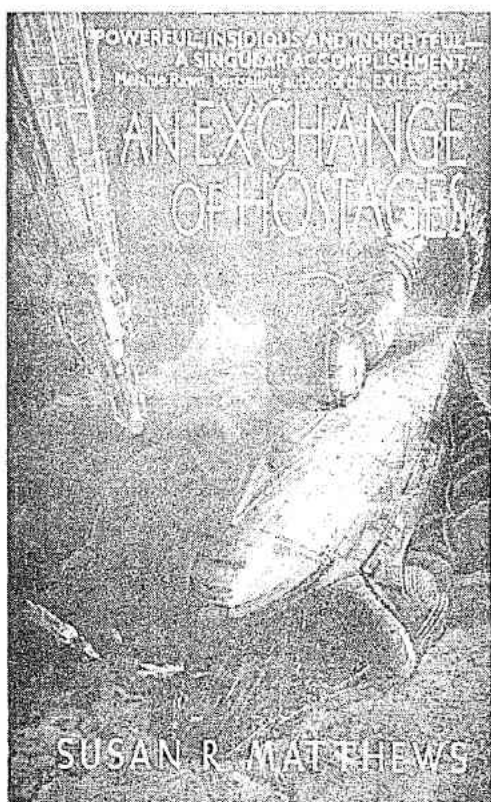
Kip
Favourite: Folk music
Listening to: Rodriguez



Ashley
Favourite: Dvorak — Symphony #7
in D minor
Listening to: Saint-Sens piano concerto
#2 in G minor



books



An Exchange of Hostages

Susan R. Matthews

Surgeons are often a person's last hope for deferring the inevitable. We invest an incredible amount of trust in their skill and rely quite profoundly on the belief that they empathise with our distress and fear. When an author starts to unravel such expectations, to the extent that they become inverted, you can bet that an unsettling read will ensue. Violence in fiction is hardly extraordinary, but combine such cruelty with unflinching prose, delivered by an intelligent author with psych and military training, and you get a novel which departs from the schlock conventions of apple-pie science fiction as dramatically as is possible.

Andrej Koscuisko, a young and distinguished member of one of the many streams of humanity that have evolved in some inconceivably distant future, is also a brilliant surgeon, and thus qualified for admittance to the Fleet Orientation Station to learn the art of Ship's Inquisitor. In the totalitarian state of the future, the role of the tor-

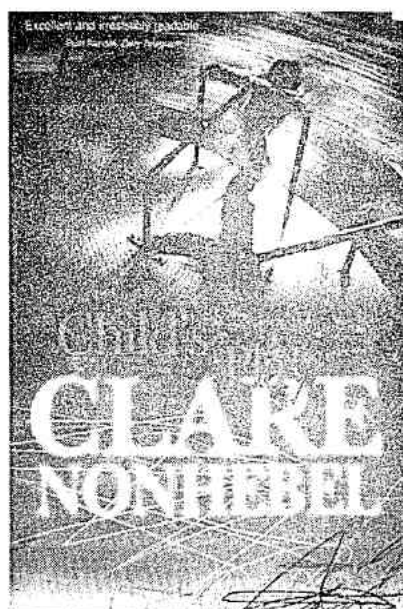
turer has become an intrinsic part of the judicial and military hierarchies, and despite his unwillingness, Andrej is made a part of this rather un-subtle system. With contact restricted to his "tutor", one other student, (an astoundingly vile bitch), his mentally adjusted slave, and his various victims, Andrej slowly works his way through the ten levels of training in chilling emotional isolation. This process of escalating violence and destabilised sanity, is increasingly discomforting for the reader who remains transfixed, like a sadistic voyeur, as Andrej's morals, pride and self-understanding disintegrate in pace with his growing expertise. What emerges is an inexplicable combination of cruelty and compassion which is disturbing for all concerned. It becomes impossible for one not to be reminded of the supposed pressures and environment which dehumanised the infamous Nazi surgeons. Were they sickos to start with or moulded by ideology and extensive, relentless conditioning? Matthews constructs a startling and unnerving portrait of an intrinsically flawed genius who is placed in the intolerable position of having to betray both his own ideals and the most basic precepts of human morality. Fascinating and tormented, this is an ugly, unhappy book. Thumbs up!

—Rachel Hopkins

What I'm reading



Susan
PhD in English Lit
Reading: *Quadrant*
Favourite: *The Brothers Karamazai* by Dostoyevsky



Rugby League Trivia Challenge

Peter Sterling

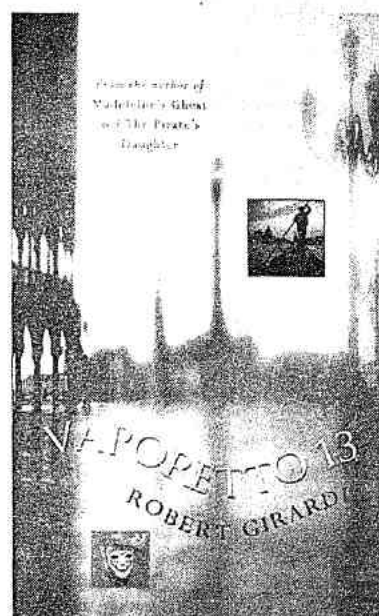
Sure, I'm probably not the person best qualified to review any book about Rugby League. But at the same time, I am not completely ignorant in this field. I've heard of the Newtown Jets, I know that the Gold Coast were once called the Giants, even though they never played under this name, and if pushed, I could probably name most of the premiership winners of the last ten years.

But the sort of knowledge that this book requires is just amazing. It contains 1000 questions. Peter Sterling apparently scored 848. (Well done, Sterlo - that's a HD). If 1000 seems like a lot of questions for what is essentially a game played exclusively in Sydney and Brisbane, then consider the detail into which this book delves: do you know in what year the last match was played at Cumberland Oval, or who was the only referee to have played for Australia, refereed an international match and coached a first-grade side in the premiership competition? No? Try one of the easy questions: who holds the record for the most points scored in a premiership season? Who was the first editor of *Rugby League Week* magazine? Or whose biographies were called *The Natural*, *Rugby League Rebel*, *Tiger Tiger Kiwi Rooster*? This is not trivia, this is minutiae.

If Rugby League is the only thing about which you know anything, if it is not only your preferred subject of conversation, but your only one, then this is the book for you. If your favourite pick-up line is "so, what about those Raiders?" then you are the type of person who will be able to answer more than a handful of these questions. It probably also helps to be about fifty years old. But if your interest in Rugby League does not entirely dominate your life, you will have no interest in many of the abundance of obscure questions like "name the twelve players who've played in test matches for Australia whose surnames begin with T".

There's nothing wrong with Rugby League. But this book is evidence that what is one person's keen interest is another's unhealthy obsession.

—Adam Cason



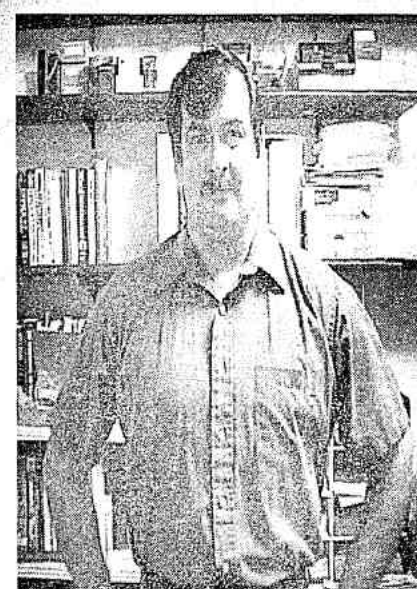
Vaporetto 13

Robert Girardi

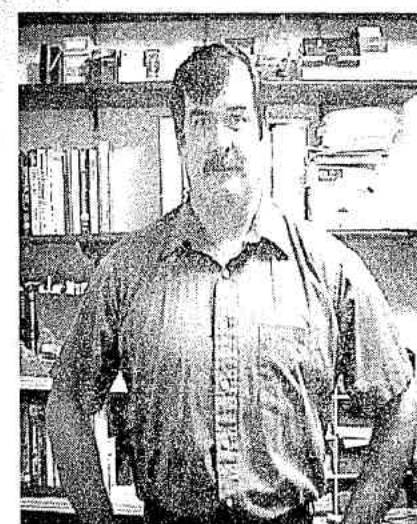
Robert Girardi's third novel, *Vaporetto 13* is a haunting tale of a man's discovery that there is more to life than simply making money. Set against the murky, elegant backdrop of Venice, the story is told from the point of view of Jack Squires, a currency trader on assignment from Washington D. C. Suffering from insomnia, Jack takes to walking the Venice streets at night. During these nocturnal adventures, lost in the damp back streets, Jack meets the strange and melancholy Caterina. Caterina's mysterious aura and belief in the importance of history prompts Jack to reassess the purpose of his life and the truth about his own past.

Vaporetto 13 is a mesmerising novel. Girardi captures the atmosphere and lifestyle of a city that is at once splendid and ancient, a world seemingly untouched by modern society. The authenticity of Girardi's narrative is evident in the incredible attention he pays to detail. A clever blend of travel narrative and personal loss, this romantic story of haunted love is highly recommended.

—Alice Rees



Nardia
2nd year Arts/Law
Reading: *The Middle East* by Bernard Lewis
Favourite: *100 Years of Solitude* by Gabriel Garcia Marquez



David
Masters in Urban Management
Reading: *Crisis in the Individual Heartland*
Favourite: *Marco Polo*



Child's Play

Clare Nonhebel

Child's Play follows the life of Jamaican live-in house cleaner Sonia and her disturbed 5 year old daughter Lois. The book begins with the two-some being ejected without reason from her employer's Sussex house without a job, reference or family to turn to. After a brief stay in a battered wife's shelter, luck finally seems to shine upon them in the form of an elderly man, Samuel, who takes them in and treats them as family. It is at this stage that Sonia finally has the time to confront her daughter's problems head on, and a tale of abuse is unfolded.

As soon as I read the blurb on the back cover I had guessed exactly what had caused Lois's problems, however, I found that knowing did not detract from the book at all. I found most of the tension arose from wondering how Sonia would react to situations, and hoping that things would finally go right for them, rather than the revelation of what happened to Lois. The characters themselves were well formed, and I found the dialogue realistic. All in all, this was a nice, gentle read, and it was refreshing to read a book where wrongs were righted, bad guys got their comeuppance and the underdog finished on top.

—Kirsten Marks

film



The Sweet Hereafter

Atom Egoyan

Most audiences either love or hate Atom Egoyan's films. Many argue that his work is contrived and inhuman while others accept him



(inset) Patrick, driving not dancing

as a far from perfect film maker who sacrifices spontaneity for emotional depth. *The Sweet Hereafter* continues Egoyan's tradition of insight into the trauma-centred lives of real people. The film won the Jury Prize at Cannes, and while Egoyan's films have usually won acclaim from critics, this one promises to be his breakthrough for a wider audience's appreciation.

The Sweet Hereafter is an adaptation of Russel Banks' 1991 novel and it focuses on a community in British Columbia trying to come to terms with a bus crash that killed the majority of the town's children. The film's portrayal of the community however, is somewhat odd. Never does the audience actually see the town, and the families themselves live isolated and atomistic lives, far from one another. This has forced the parents to deal with their grief alone.

Their semblance of a community soon begins to fracture under the stress created when a litigating lawyer, Mitchell Stephens (Ian Holm), intrudes on their grief. He encourages the stricken families to sue 'anyone' — because as he tells them "there is no such thing as an accident". Meanwhile Stephens himself is a distraught parent, grieving for his junkie daughter from whom he has been long disconnected.

While some may find this film a bit slow, it has been meticulously paced and timed. Egoyan is always in total control, not only of the film but in many ways of the audience's emotions and reactions. Nowhere is this more evident than in the delay of the inevitable crash scene. When the film opens, the accident has already occurred so when the scene finally comes it has been long anticipated. Witnessed through the eyes of Billy Ansell (Bruce Greenwood), a father driving behind the bus, the crash itself is one of the most unforgettable film sequences in memory.

Egoyan has employed his usual collaborators for this film with some fine acting performances throughout, especially from Holm, Greenwood and the young Sarah Polley as Nicole. The recurring motifs of Robert Browning's *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* have also been delicately weaved into the film to give the result of the accident an extra poignancy. The cinematography also is stunning in its perfect capturing of the isolation and loneliness in the icy landscape. *The Sweet Hereafter* is an emotional and evocative film well worth seeing.

—Thom Stipe



Black Dog

Kevin Hooks

I have given this movie two stars for two reasons; it features Patrick Swayze and the musical score behind the opening credits. The music is performed by tap dancers a la *Tap Dogs*, with a punchy rhythm and then in comes the violin. If you like to see trucks, well actually prime movers, cars and motor bikes drive around and be involved in chases with the resultant destruction, then I will rate this a three star movie.

With only the promotional flyer in hand I guessed that 'Black Dog' was the name of the rig but how wrong I was. 'Black Dog' is a truckies' nightmare. It is a Doberman (the sort of dog that Mr

Burns has to chase Homer) that appears in the middle of the road and then runs up at the truck's

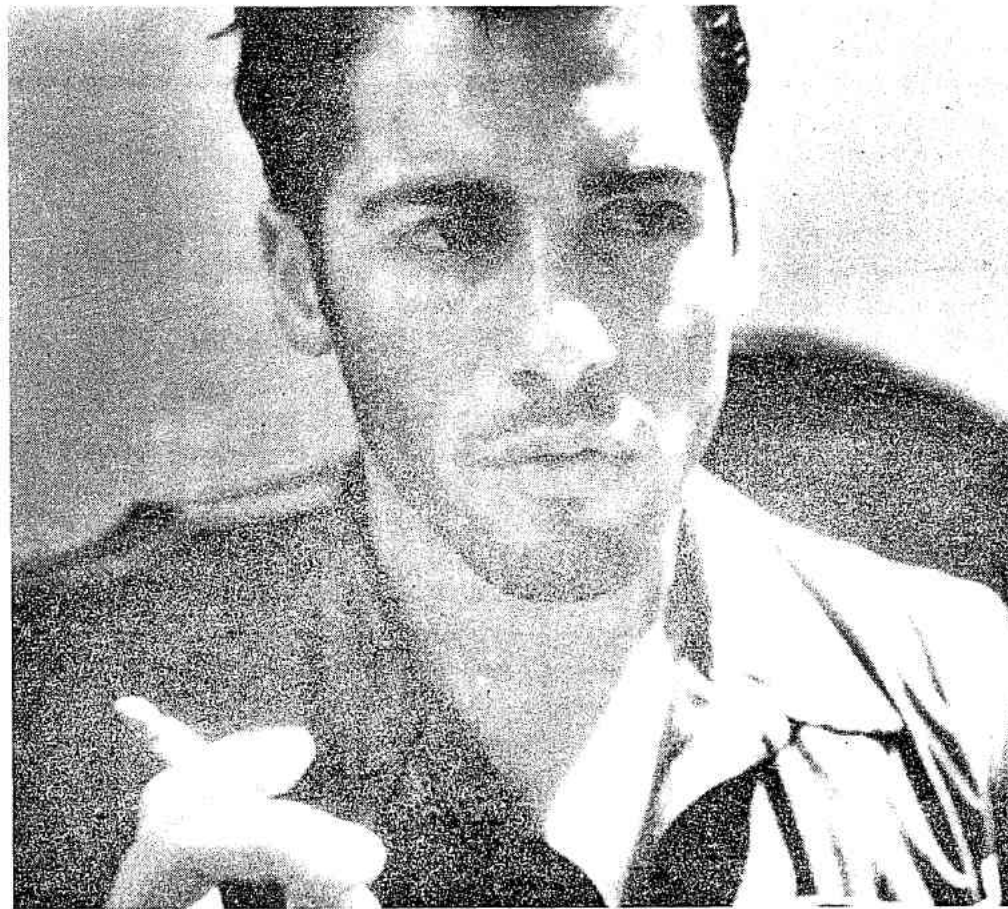
money to make the back payments on his house. His wife fell behind in payments while Jack was in jail. The FBI and ATF team up in an attempt to stop the gun shipments and so they have a man on the inside (who gets shot). Their aim is to allow the truck through so they can get the big guys.

One of the best scenes is the 'rock the cradle' — blocking a prime mover with one in front, one behind and one on the side. There is an attempt to try to give the scene some suspense with close up of eyes and boots — the pedal-to-the-metal thing. According to the blurb that came with the preview, it took about 70 trucks to make this movie.

Then there is the reality check that went astray in relation to the Meat Loaf character Red. He was involved in some of the truck chases and ended up smashing into live wires. He then reappears at the end — how did escape death, let alone know were Jack had told his boss to collect the guns and then get to the docks where the big scene of badies against goodies goes down. Another reality check is that the rig with the load of weapons is a pit bull, also a black dog. Jack puts the dead undercover agent in the trailer with the dog. Get real. How much of the agent will be left at the end of the trip?

If you want some tips on driving a prime mover, then you might be better off with truckie driving lessons. If you want to see Meat Loaf as a Bible quoting badie, then maybe you should get a life. Yes it was an action movie but no way was it a thriller or an adventure.

—Eddie



(above) Full On Head On



The X-Files

Chris Carter

If you really love the series, the above rating is for you — for everyone else out there, for all those who haven't seen every single conspiracy episode, don't waste your money. This movie suffers greatly from the fact that its writers wanted to make it totally unpredictable, and so had to make it really insensible. It also suffered badly from an utter lack of explanation for a few scenes — in one scene Scully is trapped, with no hope of escape, until — suddenly — it's the next morning, and she's fine. This, and their desire for new and ever stranger plot twists results in a story that stretches

credulity far beyond breaking point. However, for those who are big fans of the TV show, the movie is probably going to be a must see before next season, because of the advancement of the conspiracy plot.

The other big gripe I have about this movie is that it is, more than other movies, a huge money spinning exercise. It would work just as well as two TV episodes. The special effects are nothing to write home about, and all except for one scene, right at the end of the movie, they would barely suffer from being on the small screen. But the movie will make huge amounts of money out of this, as big fans will need to see this to make sense of the next season, and they make a hell of a lot more money at 9 dollars a pop than they do selling it free to air. I'm not saying I didn't enjoy watching it at all — it was mildly amusing in parts, and I still enjoy watching the show, but I object to paying movie ticket prices for two episodes.

—Andrew Vance



Head On

Ana Kokkinos

Head On, directed by Ana Kokkinos and starring Alex Dimitriades and Paul Capsis, is a day in the life of Ari (Dimitriades). Ari is 19 years old, Greek and gay. He has great difficulty blending his sexuality with his family's traditions, and tries to escape this conflict through sex, drugs and music. And he gets these wherever and whenever he can: in nightclubs, behind taverns and in public toilets. Ari likes sex, and he likes getting high. And he does a lot of both in this movie. He spends most of the movie chasing after a quick fuck; only once, in his friend Johnny's (Capsis) room, is the word 'relationship' mentioned.

However, *Head On* is much more than a dick and arse movie. Kokkinos gives us an honest and frank look at all the facets of Ari's life, and manages to give us an incredibly detailed picture of his reality in less than two hours. The danger he exposes himself to by having sex with strangers in alleyways. The violence him and his friend encounter from the cops when their taxi-driver runs a red light, and the cops take them in because Johnny is in drag. The anger and confusion, and the need to escape from it.

The acting in this film is also surprisingly good. Dimitriades puts in a very convincing performance as Ari, and is a long way from his 'Heartbreak Kid' days. The six weeks he spent rehearsing for the role are reflected in the movie; and his performance in the various sex scenes is not reserved in any way, much unlike most movies which feature a somewhat well-known actor in gay sex scenes. The other performances are also strong, which combined with the story, are probably what garnered *Head On* its selection at the Director's Fortnight at the Cannes Film Festival earlier this year.

While having a gay main character, this movie is not aimed solely at a gay audience. Although you may have to giggle during the sex scenes, *Head On* is a movie worth seeing for the insight into an alternative reality which is going on all around you. Apart from the mere joy of seeing Alex Dimitriades in the buff on the big screen, *Head On*'s story, performances and direction make this a movie not to be missed.

—Matt Schmidt

WIN WIN WIN

Woroni has heaps of double passes for *Head-On* and *The Opposite Sex* to give away!! All you have to do is email woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au with the answer to one simple question — who directed *The Heartbreak Kid*?

1998 ELECTION OF UNION BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The following shows the result of a draw for the order of registered groups and independent candidates places on the ballot paper.

THREE (3) MEMBERS (FULL TWO YEAR TERM)

ANU Democrats	Stop the Perks	Viagra
WOOD, Jason VAN AKKER, Briony MULGRUE, Sandra	POLLARD, Alexander	- It works for me SHEVCHENKO, Lara ROCHE, Charles

ONE (1) MEMBER (ONE YEAR TERM)

SCOTT, Brendan REYNDERS, Llewellyn SKLEPIC, Tanya	Stop the Perks ANU Democrats Viagra - It works for me
---	---

ONE (1) MEMBER (Post-Graduate Student or Academic Staff)

CZIESLA, John ZAIDI, Qasim MCEWEN, Melissa	Viagra - It works for me ANU Democrats
--	---

A ballot will be held for all three positions.

Polling will take place in the Union Building, Ground Floor entrance between 10 am and 6 pm from Monday 24th August 1998 to Thursday 27th August 1998 inclusive.

Every person who is an annual, life or honorary life member of the Union is eligible to vote at the elections, except a person suspended from membership.

CHRIS BURGESS
Returning Officer

7 August 1998

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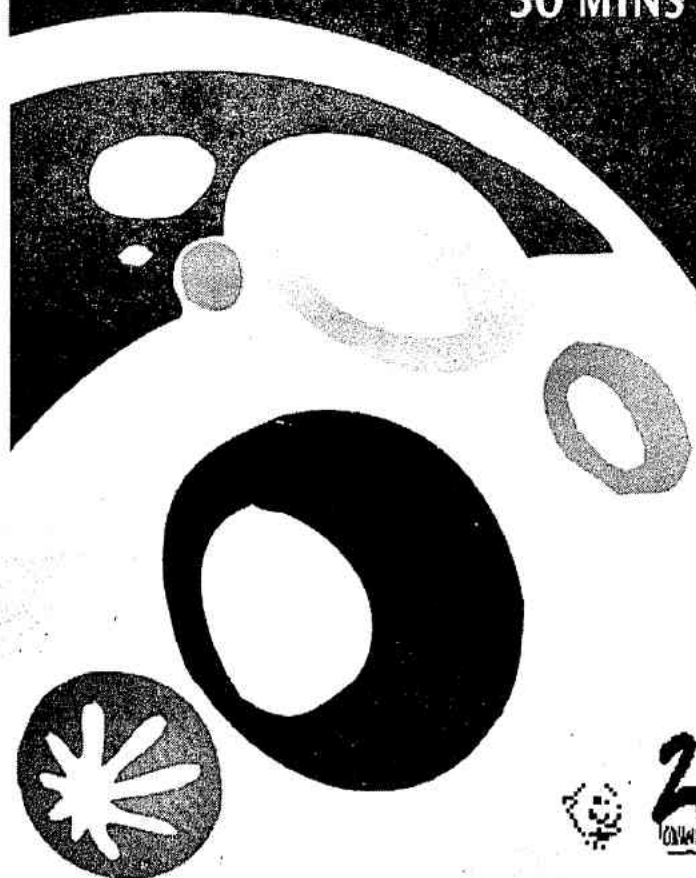
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What's on

review

Branson does Brecht

The theatre of Bertolt Brecht is the most influential and important political theatre of the Twentieth Century. Brecht is the great Marxist artist, the proof that political art is not, by definition, self-righteous boring crap. As such, Brecht has been responsible for more pretentious soap-box grandstanding than almost anyone else (apart from the Beat generation, perhaps). Given that Brecht tried, throughout his life, to connect his art to genuine emancipatory movements, the appropriation of his work by directors playing at being radical revolutionaries rather misses the point. One does not take an effective political stance through the estrangement effect (revealing that the illusionist techniques of theatre are no more than illusion does not equal revolution, as anyone who has seen the episodes of 90210 directed by Jason Priestley should know). As Brecht wrote of the German Expressionists, 'they freed themselves from grammar, without realising they were still enslaved by capitalism.' The bizarre situation in which an outrightly Marxist playwright becomes a poster-boy for cutting-edge, oppositional directors is brought home to Canberra in the CIA and Stopera production of the Brecht/Weill collaboration 'The Threepenny Opera'. David Branson, in his director's notes, writes 'I still believe they [dramatic works] can change the world and I still believe it is important to make art that is passionate', while the last page of the programme alerts us to the individuals and organisations which made the production possible: Better Music, Boral Building Supplies, and interestingly enough, the embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany, a state in which Brecht quite explicitly decided not to live. As might be guessed from these sponsors, this production was no Esso Night at the Opera (Esso is quite a bit richer than Boral building supplies, though probably poorer than Germany). It was instead an acceptable regional performance. The singing varied from good — particularly Phil Roberts' strong 'Mac the Knife' — to very bad — David Branson, wisely opting mid-verse to adopt a spoken register, that fall-back for the tone-deaf forced to sing. The generally weak quality of the singing was exacerbated by efforts to include an estrangement effect by frequently changing the vocal tone quite dramatically mid-line. The small orchestra was solid, providing the high point in this mediocre production.

The rather suburban (read poor) level of this show raises questions like: why the political posturing? Why the pretence that this production could possibly change the world? Exactly this paucity of talent provides the answer: because this radical posture is all artists like Branson have. No one will have the politics altered by this production, but then that was never the issue. Radical chic is nothing more than an empty threat which bad artists make: if you think my art is crap, that's because you're a Shanahanesque neo-conservative class-traitor, and nothing to do with our absence of ability. Branson: we all know that that is bullshit, and you're boring. Please leave town.

—Kylie Moriarty

Directions

Directions is a national guide to tertiary education in the performing arts and is published each August by Lowdown Magazine as a service to students wishing to be part of the performing arts industry. Directions has proved a valuable resource to performing arts and media teachers, careers advisers and students. Directions provides details on the prerequisites, duration, subject areas and contact numbers for most performing arts courses in Australia — this includes drama, music, dance, media and arts administration and for the

first time it will be in an A4 format (bigger and better than ever before). Each copy costs only \$8 (incl. postage) and less for more copies you order. For your copy right Leigh on (08) 82675111 or fax (08) 8239 0689.

Barber with a Difference

Everyone knows that hairdressers are privy to the details of their clients' private lives. Something about the comfy chair and the soothing head massage will get anyone yammering. Get ready to be coiffed in OzOpera's new production of Rossini's *Barber of Seville*. The story revolves around a maiden, Rosina, a Count, Almaviva; and a barber, Figaro. Unfortunately it is not as simple as it might seem. For instance, Rosina is under the guardianship of Bartolo, who is determined to foil Almaviva's advances and have her all to himself.

Figaro, who works for Bartolo strikes a deal with Almaviva to sneak him into Bartolo's house and meet with Rosina. But, Basilio, Rosina's music tutor, warns Bartolo of the plan. Disguised as a replacement tutor, Almaviva attempts to throw Bartolo off the scent and arrange a secret elopement with Rosina. It almost comes off, but not before Bartolo tells Rosina that her count is merely determined to dishonour her. She renounces her love for Almaviva and agrees to marry Bartolo instead. Fortunately, all the confusion is cleared up when Almaviva beats Bartolo to the altar and explains everything to Rosina. The two lovers are wed and all is well.

So what did Figaro the barber gain from all this? Maybe it was the pleasant knowledge that he had something to do with getting the happy couple together at last. Or maybe it was a nice wad of cash for his troubles.

Either way, this colourful and lively show is sure to delight audiences; and because the opera is sung in English, those not familiar with the story will be able to follow the action.

The *Barber of Seville* is showing at the Canberra Theatre for three nights on 8, 10, and 12 September. Book your seats now.

BUT WAIT!!!! Two lucky readers could win tickets to this new opera. Just read the details in the competition box.

Who's that Elbow?

There is a new gang on the Canberra theatre direction. Elbow Theatre, made up of Iain Sinclair, Simon Clarke and Ken Spiteri, hit the ground running here in Canberra with a wild production of *A Streetcar Named Datsun 120Y* which showed with *I am the Shark, You are the Prey* earlier this year. Without missing a beat, the group has gone to work on David Rabe's play, *HurlyBurlly*, which is a scathing critique of the glitzy, superficial world of Hollywood, wherein a new breed of movie producers, "players" and young hopefuls, try desperately to hang on to their dreams. This production promises to be a tight, professional performance, coming out of two months of full time rehearsals. If the last show is anything to go by, this new Elbow offering is sure to excite, and delight Canberra audiences. Don't miss it.

HurlyBurlly runs till August 24, Wednesday - Saturday 8pm. at the Currong Theatre, Gorman House. Tickets \$8 conc, \$12 full.

AFI Awards

The Movie Network AFI Awards Screenings are coming to Canberra and we the public have



(above) Here's looking at you babe... *Barber of Seville*

the opportunity to vote. All feature films entered for the Awards, together with jury nominated short films, documentaries and short animated films will screen in Canberra from 29 July until 17 August, allowing audiences to see the films and cast their votes. All the films will screen at the Coombs Lecture Theatre here on campus. To attend the screenings become a member of the AFI and purchase an AFI Screenings Pass. Membership is \$45/\$30 plus \$30 for the Screenings pass. Memberships and Screenings Passes can be purchased throughout the season at participating cinemas or by calling the AFI on 1800 069 009.

Drill Hall

At the ANU Drill Hall Gallery This month you can take some time out to wander through the two exhibitions featured in this dynamic gallery space. From 20 August till 20 September, *Leibermann, Slevgot and Corinth*: an exhibition of over one hundred prints by prominent German artists Max. Leibermann, Max, Slevgot and Lovis Corinth. Also from 20 August till 20 September is *Techné*: a survey of the best Australian contemporary new media art — a provocative exhibition of artwork exploring the creative application of digital media.

King Lear

Bell Shakespeare is back in Canberra with a new production of *King Lear*. John Bell will be playing Lear, with Barry Kosky directing what promises to be an unconventional and exciting production, a worthy follow-up to the recently well-received *Henry 4*. The Bell Shakespeare company will again be offering limited numbers of \$20 tickets to students, but they're running out fast, so hurry if you want to see the mad King.

Coming up

Is John XXIII College really the 'cultural oasis' is presented to be? Judge for yourself when they present Nick Enright's *Blackrock* at the Street, 4-5 September. *Blackrock* is a controversial play based on the murder of 14 year old Leigh Leigh. Tickets are \$9 concession, \$13 adult; contact the Street Theatre or the college on 6279 4999 for more info.

Two shows that were featured at the *Festival of the Dreaming* last year, will form a double-bill at the Playhouse. Leah Purcell's *Box the Pony*, is an autobiographical account of life from an Aboriginal reserve in Queensland, to a television career. Told in dance, drama, song and a bit of side-splitting stand-up, Leah traces her journey from a family of champion boxers to her escape to a better life. *WhiteBaptist Abba*, is Deborah Cheetham's remarkable journey toward truth, belonging and fulfilment in the face of enormous odds. Her moving story of being taken from her mother and being brought up in a white Baptist household, is told with irony and humour, using contemporary and classical music and traditional storytelling devices in a uniquely entertaining performance style.

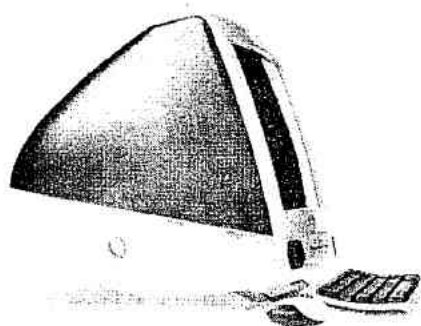
Don't miss the opportunity to see these two shows 30 September- 3 October, and next issue you could be win a double pass to see them.

Competition

To WIN WIN WIN a double pass to see the OzOpera's new production of Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, email the Woroni office, and tell us why you are desperate to win tickets. The most desperate emailers win, so don't be afraid to beg and abase yourselves. woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au



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By: **Friday, 25 September 1998.**



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Helping a person from a Non English Speaking Cultural Background overcome the disadvantages of the language barrier, of disrupted education or career, and sometimes of illiteracy and innumeracy is a rewarding experience. The Migrant Resource Centre has three programs which urgently need volunteer tutors. Volunteers can choose between assisting with community adult English classes at the MRC, tutoring individual adult students in their homes, or tutoring in a homework and study skills program for migrant and refugee high school and college students. Volunteers are needed to work in all areas of Canberra. Tutoring is primarily one-on-one. Tutors should be enthusiastic but need not be experienced as some training and supervision is available. Please phone Phillipa on 6248 8577 for details.

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Our trained volunteers may be able to help you!

AT ANU

Tax Help is a network of community volunteers, trained by the Australian Taxation Office to help people on low incomes complete their tax returns at tax time.

This is a free service will run from 27 July to 23 October 1998 at the ANU. Some volunteers have other languages as well as English.

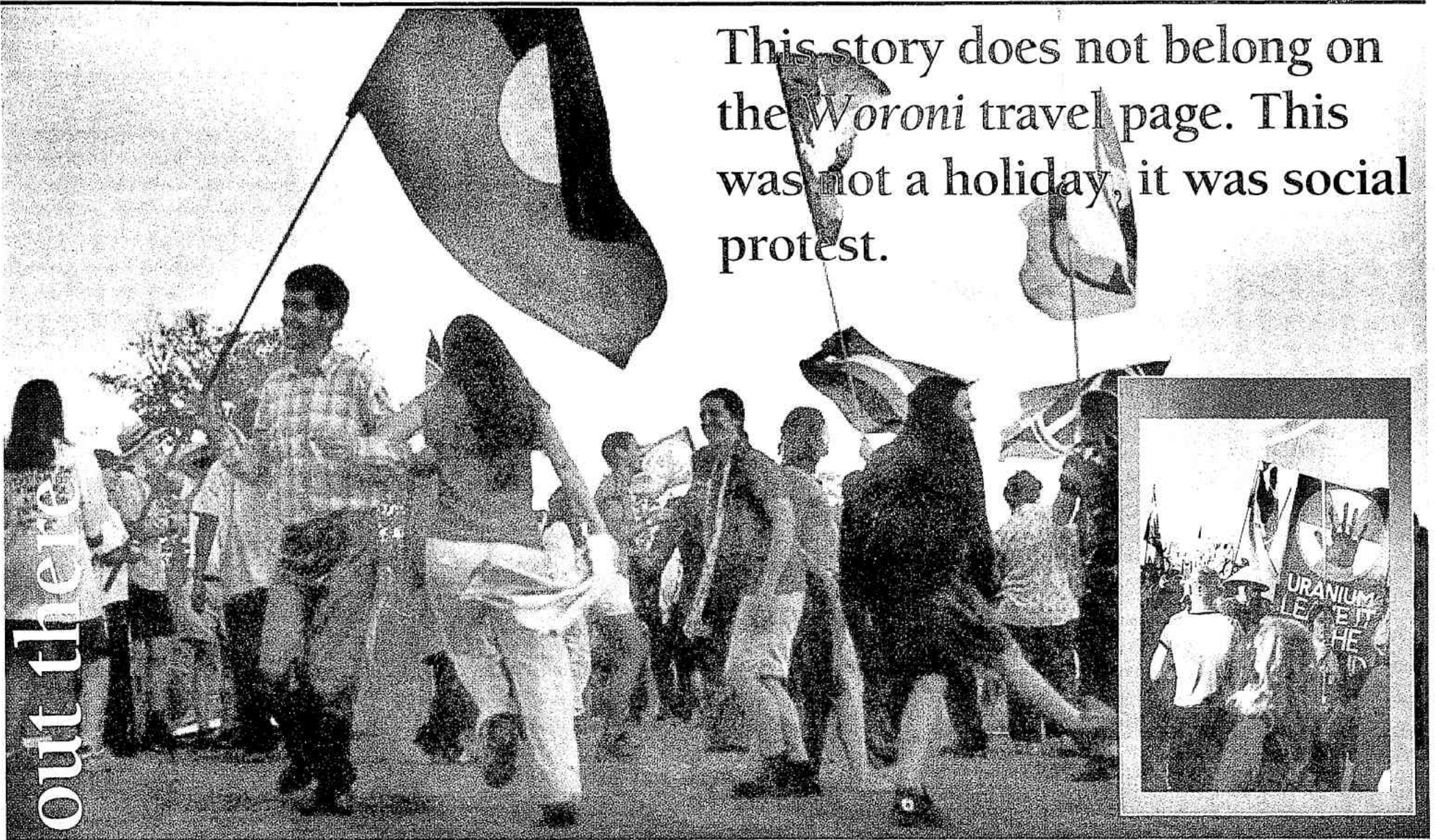
Tax is complex and these volunteers are trained specifically to help with returns for low income earners especially students.

To make an appointment to get help with your tax please contact Bronwyn or Karen at the Student's Association on 6249 5849 or 62492444.

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Students' Association

Australian National University, Canberra ACT 0200 Ph (06) 249 2444 fax (06) 2493967

This story does not belong on the *Woroni* travel page. This was not a holiday, it was social protest.



getting out there

68 hours of bus air conditioning... of bus driver humour... of roadhouse grease too brief to ease cramped limbs... 68 hours of big, big sky... of hot, dry open space, of red and then redder dirt... of one-horse, one-pub, three road-house towns... 68 hours of anticipation, of apprehension, of discussion, of tall tales...

by Anita Sundstrom

The bus trip to join the Jabiluka blockade camp in Kakadu National Park was a 'journey'. As an 'unformed virgin activist', hurtling towards a two week protest stance against the Jabiluka Uranium mine, this was just enough time for me to forget all that I had ever absorbed in my criminal and constitutional law lectures. I envisaged police, violence, random arrests; I forgot concepts such as freedom of speech, civil liberties, the right to say 'no'. I knew deep down that uranium mining in a National Park, listed as World Heritage for its natural and cultural values was cruelly wrong. I felt privileged to have been invited, by the indigenous owners of the land on which the mining lease now reigned, to join their opposition to the mine. And, I felt almost personally betrayed by the powers of industry, of government, of money and greed that stood behind this mine. Yet I questioned again and again my place in the protest against all this. Could I give all of the theory a real and active voice?

We arrived at the camp in darkness and were greeted by an intimidating drive-past of 7 police cars. The butterflies in my stomach were wild, the questions in my head circling. But as the sun rose, revealing a sprawling campsite of colourful tents amongst Kakadu bushland — long yellowing dry-season grass in the early morning light, sculptured termite mounds, clusters of low trees, here and there a colourful banner or a flag of rainbow colours — the calm and the beauty of the place were enveloping. I was in the right place. I had made the right decision to come here and to lend my voice.

For every new arrival, the first day at the blockade camp entailed a cultural induction and orientation, overseen by the Mirrar people, the traditional indigenous owners of the land on which we were camped and the land on which the mining lease now prevailed. The practical running of the camp itself demanded consideration. With the influx of students and others who had arrived for the mid-year break, the camp now numbered over 600 people. Everyone would need to take a turn in cooking in the communal kitchen; in digging pit toilets and gravel pits for showers; and in staffing the information and welcome tents. On the request of the Mirrar, there was to be no alcohol or drugs at camp, and there were certain sacred

areas surrounding the camp that we were to respect. The running of the camp for such a number relied, not on organisation, but on the cooperation and commitment of all the people present. And, it worked!

In the context of the whole campaign against uranium mining at Jabiluka, this blockade camp was a last resort strategy, a final physical manifestation of opposition to the mine. Our activities were important, primarily to generate publicity and awareness, to force the issues into a higher political arena, to engage a public and political commitment. Our actions were to be based on non-violent principles, our decisions and action plans were to be reached through an open and inclusive consensus process. Before any action took place, the Mirrar people were to be informed, consulted, and their sanction obtained. Again, the theory seemed overwhelmingly right and just — how would it translate into action?

The week before our arrival 106 people had been arrested in a peaceful action at the mine site for trespassing on the lease. With the injection of new energy and numbers we launched immediately into planning the next mass action. We began as a whole, and as plans progressed we separated into smaller groups according to our role in the action — 'non-arrestable' protesters who were to be 'legally' active at the lease entrance, providing support, distracting attention, maintaining morale; and then 'arrestables' of differing degrees,

This was not a holiday. My article is misplaced on the *Woroni* travel page. But, a 'journey,' it was.

those willing to lock-on to machinery, those who would form part of a human chain around the compound. In this context, being arrested was a conscious and informed decision on the part of each protester, a decision to take their opposition to the mine a further step, to give their natural reaction to what was happening an active value, to join in solidarity against the powers that supported the mine, against the powers which were preventing and abstracting our right to openly and actively oppose it. This was civil disobedience — the breaking of a small law peacefully in order to

prevent a greater crime. We continually sharpened our focus, our strategy — all actions were to be non-violent. We were opposing the mine, not the police, not the individual workers.

128 people were arrested in this action, many will face the harsh mandatory sentencing laws of the Northern Territory. It seems unjust that for these people, simply not to act would have been a far worse crime. I salute their bravery and their unquestioning commitment.

And so, by day — intense strategy, planning and action. By night — the camp took on a different persona. The focused energy of the day was unbridled. One central campfire drew everyone together under a brilliant starry sky. Song. Dance. Drummers urged forth an insistent, intensely human rhythm. Fire-twirlers and jugglers illuminated the black. The Chai man concocted exotic combinations of spices and chocolate. People shared poems or songs they had composed about being here in this special place, about the injustice and the tragedy of extracting such a deadly substance here in this place which was heritage and future for all Australians, and even more still for indigenous Australians. Night time at camp let me realise that mining uranium here was much more than a long-term practical disaster of proportions far beyond our individual consciousness. Yes, this was a project capable of generating at most 25 years of employment and export wealth, very little of which would ever reach traditional owners, even if it could be seen as just compensation for their loss. Yes, this was a project which would endanger human health and produce disastrous environmental impacts of hundreds of thousands of years, both immediately in Kakadu and potentially internationally as the Jabiluka mine fuelled the hungry nuclear cycle. But, it was bigger than all of this, it was also wrong deep down in the spiritual place of all of us, the place of dance and song and rhythm. It hurt within. It was beyond words.

Returning to Canberra was too soon. Too cold. Too disappointing to find that all that had filtered through the media of what was happening at the blockade were page seven, ten-line articles focusing on arrests, yet not on the reasons behind them. This was not a holiday. My article is misplaced on the *Woroni* travel page. But, a 'journey,' it was.

Turkish delight

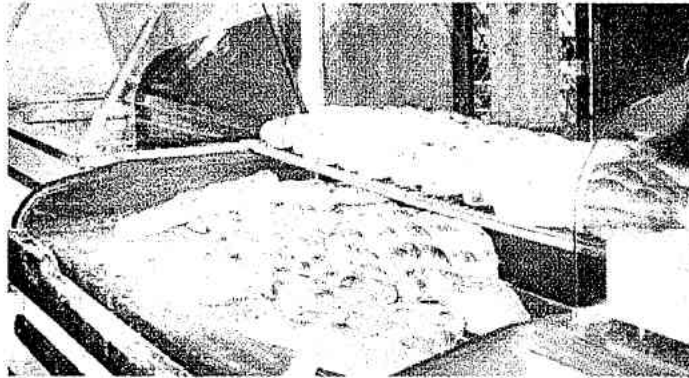
The Turkish Pide House in Jamison is one of the most popular Turkish restaurants in Canberra. Its been going as a family business for twelve years now, has several rave reviews under its belt, and is well and truly established with the Aranda crowd. But despite its funky furnishings (including a slightly sleazy back room where, apparently, bellydancers are available), its enormous servings of beautiful Turkish food, and service with a smile and a perpetual offer of more bread, the Turkish Pide house remains undiscovered by the average ANU student. And that's got to change.

We went to the restaurant on a Thursday night when, apparently, it was less busy than usual (it was still pretty crowded), and stuffed ourselves so silly that eating was out of the question for the next two days. The meals at the Pide house are not super cheap (think about \$12.00 for a Turkish pizza; \$14.00 for a main meal), but they're so vast that you could share entrees and a main between two and still get a really good meal. We were recommended the small banquet (\$17.50 per head, minimum two people), and got 4 dips and a dish of fried veges to start us off. The dips were sumptuous, a personal favourite being the yoghurt/cucumber dip, although I was told by

my chef friend who knows about these things that the hummus was definitely superior. All dips come with unlimited amounts of Turkish bread, although its advisable not to overindulge because it is SO filling and you have to leave room for the

vegie things full of flavour, and it was all set off by a delicious savoury rice (flavoured with wild rice grains I think), and a salad to clear the palate. The final dish was the obligatory Turkish pizza, which can be a bit surprising if you haven't had one before — the bread dough is wrapped around the filling to make something that looks like a french stick — but which was hot and filled with garlic and melted feta cheese and spinach and potato and all the delicious kinds of things that Domino's just can't compete with. My only complaint is that I was so full by this time that I didn't get absolute maximum enjoyment. Probably the best advice is to not eat the day that you go, so that you can get through all the food. It's definitely worth the wait.

The Turkish Pide house comes highly recommended, with friendly and attentive service (which extends to the waiters sneaking a cigarette with you in the conference room in between courses), sublime food, and a busy atmosphere driven by the heavenly scents of baking bread. Whether you want to pick up a loaf of bread for lunch (it's only \$2.50 for a huge slab of bread, and \$4.00 for dips), or starve yourself all day to make room for a super-satisfying dinner, the Pide House is definitely the place to go.



(above) Mmmm... turkish bread



(above) I got to take this bread home

Mother knows best



This issue Mother Knows Best brings you the warming winter brownie great to pig out on when you're cold and depressed. We lifted this recipe straight out of VogueEntertaining.

Wicked Chocolate Brownies

Ingredients

(makes 12)
145g butter
1 cup sugar
90g cocoa
2 eggs
1/2 cup plain flour
1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Method

Preheat the oven to 150c. Cream the butter, sugar,

and cocoa until light and fluffy. Beat in the eggs, followed by the flour and fold in the chopped walnuts. Spoon the mixture into a greased 20cm square tray, and bake for 40 minutes for sticky brownies, or an extra 10 minutes if you like your brownies more cooked. Do not overcook or they'll dry out. Cut the brownies into squares while still hot and leave to cool in the tin.

Remove the brownies carefully with a spatula. Place a brownie on each serving plate, dust with cocoa and serve with thick cream.



This issue we managed to snap student supermodel Mikhail as he was on his way to do some more designer shopping. Mikhail wears a t-shirt bought by his uncle at the Union Shop in 1979, which he inherited recently. His trousers are fake Levis bought at an Indonesian market, and he has a Benetton jacket bought from the Benetton boutique in Jakarta casually thrown over a shoulder. His sneakers are authentic Nikes made by child labourers in Indonesia, and his bag — the focal point of the ensemble — was bought for him by his girlfriend Claire. Mikhail sports a new haircut courtesy of the Union hairdresser, which he describes as Tintin meets Morrissey meets Ricky Martin. You're sexy Mikhail. Woroni likes you.

campus look

paparazzi paparazzi

Woroni goes to the law ball



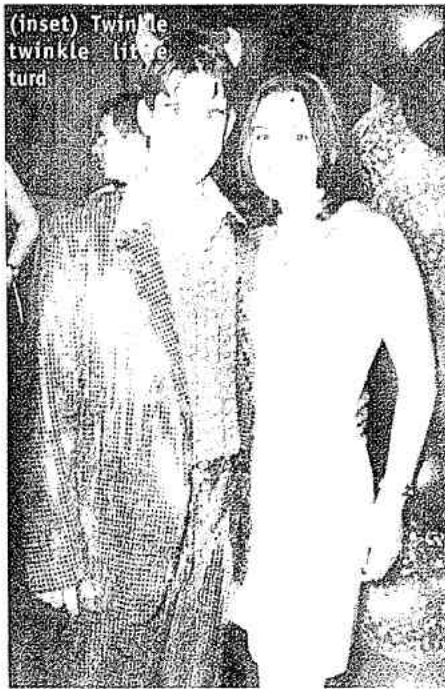
(inset) Grunge lags behind in Law. These girls took up smoking last week



(above) Law glamour pussies struggling to look sophisticated



(above) drama queen and friend



(inset) Twinkle twinkle little turd



(inset) Good teeth. Money buys protein



(inset) Alterna hunks do it better



(above) someone's getting lucky tonight



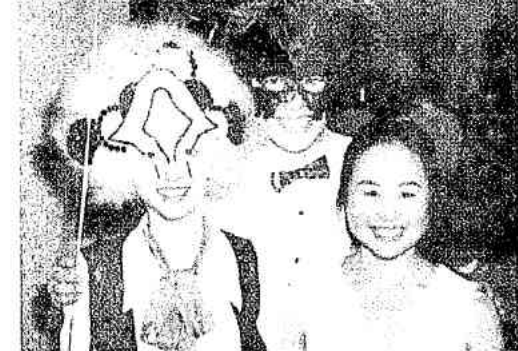
(below) Are you being served?



(below) These are not people in fancy dress, these are real lawyers.



(inset) The Sultan of Brunei and harem



(above) Just one big happy family



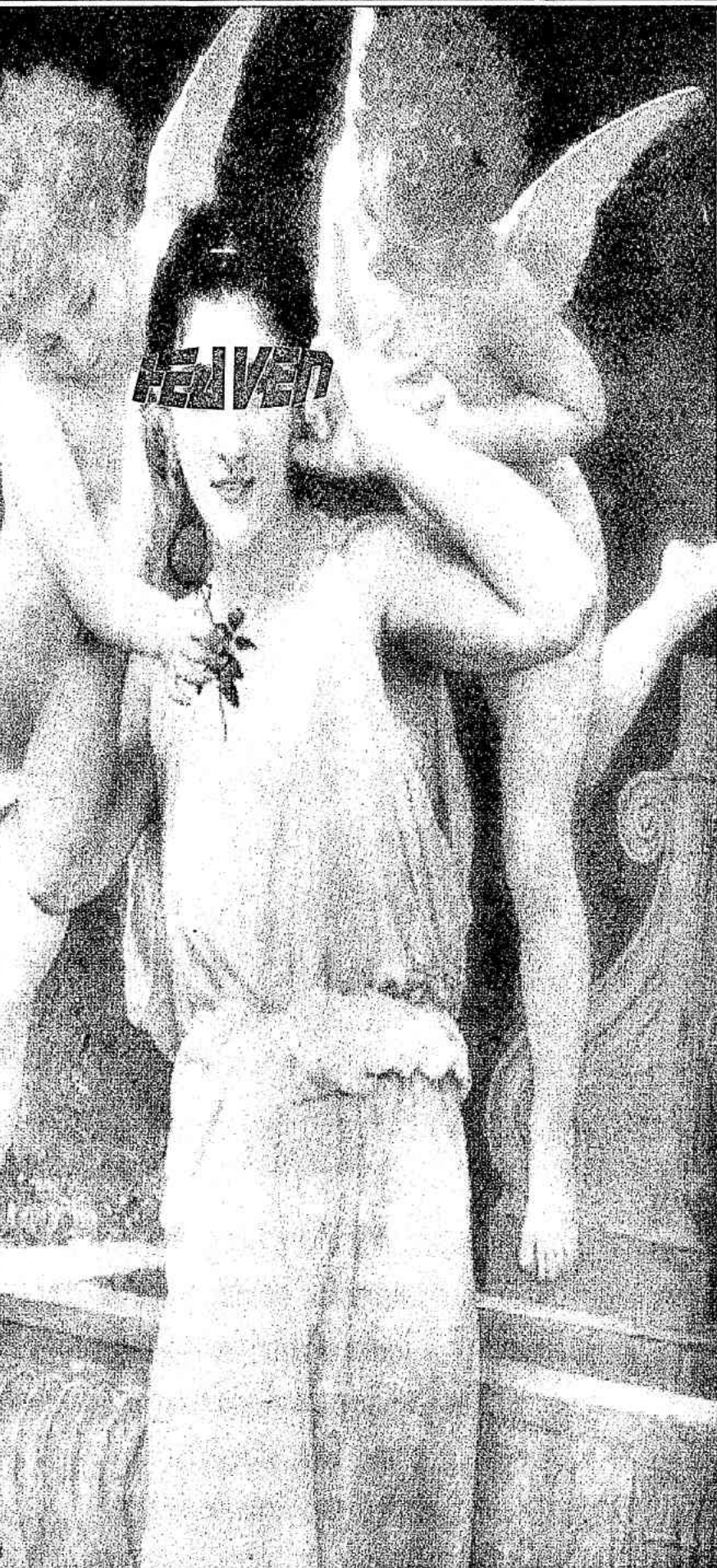
(inset) Go back to Grammar



(above) We didn't ask for the girl in red to be in this photo but when you work in Miss Shop it's your birthright

footnotes

show me heaven



FIVE MINUTES

What's your favourite colour?

That's a really hard, thought provoking question. I find that very difficult. Well most people I guess see me in black with a shimmer of something around it but I do take great pleasure in looking at crimsons and middle eastern type colours: crimsons on oranges, all the lovely warm ones.

What's your favourite food?

My favourite food? Gee, this is almost like a Dolly magazine! I'm quite surprised at the quality of questions I'm being asked. Lets see, if I really told you, you'd probably flip. This is too hard. (tape turned off at this point) Okay, you've convinced me. I do like beans and I'm going to repeat that little saying, it goes; I love you once, I love you twice, I love you more than beans and rice. But I don't know if Australians understand beans.

We understand. What's your favourite piece of clothing?

Oh, well what do you call this? Black V-necked sweater?

Black V-necked sweaters, absolutely! Truth is,

black v-necked sweaters, long black v-necked sweaters are my absolute favourite item of clothing.

What's your favourite music? Techno?

Not necessarily. I do like dub, if its going to be electronic music I like the dub, slower sort of, melodic sounds. But I do like Motown and I do like classical music.

What's your favourite book, just one book that changed your life?

Okay, *Henderson the Rain King* by Saul Bellows.

Favourite movie, ?

Ah, I thought this was going to be questions on the club. I like French and Italian movies. And there was a movie on at Electric Shadows called *The Horsemen on the Rooftops* or something, and that was a fairly cool movie, yeah Electric Shadow type stuff.

Favourite TV program that you never miss, every week?

David Letterman.

Favourite pet, have you ever had a pet?

Yeah I have, I had an Alsatian called Taj, who was just an extraordinary animal, and now I have this cat called Boy, because that's all he'll come to, I say 'hello Boy' and he'll respond.

Most ANU students would know that a night out in oh so exciting Civic just isn't complete without a trip to Heaven. But not many of you know the mystery lady who makes it all possible. Aaron Harding and David Head tracked down the elusive manager of Heaven nightclub (whoever she may be) and chatted about the club, Canberra, music and beans.

What's your job title?

I'm a promoter/manager, I am the boss at Heaven, and I am also a radio announcer and DJ at 2XX radio station.

How long have you been managing Heaven?

I've been here, well it is safe to say four years, the club has been open five and a bit and I kind of took over four years ago.

What did you do before running Heaven?

Before that I was in New York City, working as a session singer. And I was in London before that, working also as a session singer.

So you came to Canberra four years ago?

Yes, about four and a half years ago.

Why?

It's a long story.

Is it torrid?

Ha, I wish!

So it's a long, mild story?

Look, the opportunity was to come here, I don't really want to go into it.

What led you to being involved in running a nightclub?

Well, the truth is I first sang at Heaven, for World AIDS Day, in honour of World AIDS Day. And I spoke a little bit about what they do in New York City, on World AIDS Day, because you know the whole city lights up, its just extraordinary. So I was also telling people stories about some of my friends who have passed away; just the importance of people being able to go to somebody's house and care for them at home, instead of somebody dying alone. I sang three songs and from that came the radio station talking to me afterwards and somebody saying about my speaking voice and they mentioned me to 2XX so eventually I sauntered down there. Then the opportunity came to do a little bit of mild work and I started at Heaven. So I just sort of watched and took in what was going on and one thing led to another and I started running the place.

What happened when you took over?

I changed the environment. From a real, sort of totally gone with the wind, disco, pop, God knows what, to a fully fledged club; something this city can be proud of. A nightclub that people from Sydney and Melbourne come and say, "Wow! This reminds me of a fully fledged nightclub in our town." Or people from overseas, from London, New York, Amsterdam come and make comment that in a one horse, hick town like Canberra there is this type of nightclub, you know.

Can you describe the atmosphere you are trying to create at Heaven?

I'm trying to bring together a very alternative kind of a atmosphere. Heaven is a dance club, it is also a safe place. You know there are so many different clubs in Canberra and I want Heaven to bring together different sub-cultures and to house them under this one big umbrella which is Heaven. There is nothing better. I grew up in an alternative lifestyle. So if I see people from say the Art School

who are dressed a little bit off centre I love it. If I see a contingency from the ANU who like to listen to Indy music and play pool and drink VB, that's family to me. Then there's the Techno scene, again that's something I've become a part of, an extension of my own musical background. Then there is the gay community.

How does the atmosphere influence the bands and DJs you try to promote?

Again I like something that's not conservative and a little bit cutting edge, a little bit out there, definitely alternative. Look, like 2XX which is an alternative radio station. But, as I said there are many different sub-cultures and I'm willing to try anything as long as it's not Top Forty. I'm very trained musically though my experiences if not through my studies and I have a very sharp ear and an eye for things. You only have to give me a little bit and I can tell what's going to happen with it. I can take things out of a lounge room and put them into a business arena and make them work.

Do you have problems getting good live acts?

Sometimes, things have changed in the last year or so, it has been harder. It was definitely easier two years ago. There's a lot of people who are looking at us, you know utilising ideas that I created and nurtured and taking them elsewhere. Which is a good thing, because when I leave this city I will have changed the night clubbing environment in Canberra; that has actually been said to me as a matter of fact. Look at Pandora's and the Liquid Lounge and the Bin and they do their Retro nights. At first I was like, "Oh my God all my people have vanished", but not really. The truth is what has happened is by places like those doing a Retro or Techno or Alternative night is they've infused a much nicer tone to the nightclub scene generally. The nightclub scene in Canberra has changed just by people looking to see what the hell I'm doing which seems to be doing well and trying to apply it to their clubs. This is an amazing thing.

How have music tastes changed since you started running Heaven?

Quite considerably, but that is the history of music in cities. In Canberra in four years there has definitely been a major growth of what nightclubbers will tolerate, again that's because the Techno and Retro musical styles have travelled to other clubs. So while other clubs are mainstream they still have a touch of something other than that.

What are your plans for Heaven in the future, we noticed the refurbishment?

Yes we love the doors, no. Well again it's a totally positive thing Heaven has been hit, and thrown rocks at, and all sorts of crap and those doors have come out of all the crap like a phoenix out of a fire; its a new breath of life and again its something I can be so proud of. It can only help the Canberra nightlife scene. Is that the end of it.

Yep that's the end.

"Do you want a refill?", the bored waitress asked me.

It was 3am, and the evening was going very badly indeed.

I was crouching watchfully in a booth in Bastard's All—Night Coffee Den, letting my associate Dave Snot sleep off his hangover. My only lead had just been brutally murdered by government agents involved in an alien conspiracy linked to the mob and a bunch of jewels carved by someone with a livestock fetish. I was in mortal danger, had no one to turn to, Dave was being no use at all, and the awful—tasting coffee was playing havoc with my system, offering only cramps and caffeine—soaked diarrhoea. ("Do you want a refill?" I'd muttered bitterly to the toilet upon my fifth visit within half an hour.) The toilet had declined to answer, but the weariness of its wheezily flushing cistern certainly mimicked my own feelings of cynicism, self-loathing, and disgust at being constantly exposed to a smorgasboard of the world's anuses.

"So: often find yourself empathising with restroom appliances?" said a wry voice behind me.

I winced. It was always embarrassing when my brain left the 'internal' out of 'internal monologue'. I turned to see the waitress smiling at me. I smiled back, trying desperately to think of something witty to say in return. "Not really", I said finally with what I hoped was a knowing, mocking smile. "Normally it's just whitegoods." (Good work, I thought. Keep it up.) "Like fridges. Because they're cool, angular, and look great with vegetables inside them."

Damn.

It was then, when the anticipated slap was instead replaced by a giggle, that I noticed her eyes. They were eyes that could've inspired a million torch songs: they were pale blue eyes, hungry eyes, no super—eyes. They were eyes you could lose

yourself in — eyes that inspired visions of the countryside, sunsets, gentle music, candlelit dinners and unrestrained, raw, passionate lovemaking. 'Domestic bliss', those eyes said. 'Fireplaces. Harmony. A

dog called 'Ralph', or 'Max', or 'FHM'.

Clearly, a moment was passing between me and this beautiful dame. Music swept around us, coming in from the Meg Ryan film playing in the cinema next door. (Afraid of being typecast, Meg had opted for a challenging role as a lovelorn romantic who cries a lot; amazingly she'd chosen this film over the proposed new Tarantino film *When Mr Blonde Met Sally*). I held out my hand. "Leprosy James" I said manfully. "Herpes Jane" she replied sweetly. "I think I'm gonna bleeeecurgh!" said Dave Snot, abruptly interrupting our dialogue and the climaxing soundtrack by projectile vomiting with unerring accuracy over the table, the coffee, and my new love's dress.

"Oh, Christ" said Dave as we trudged along in the rain. "I was as maggotted as a dead cat on a compost heap." He glanced gloomily up at the rain. "And it's pissing down. God, this night's as shit as I feel".

But I was in no mood for pathetic fallacies. My mind was on Jane, who'd only response to Dave's revolting regurgitation had been to kiss me swiftly, kick Dave repeatedly, and then say: James, you're one in a million.

But you've obviously got a lot on your plate now." (I had, in fact, but not as much as she had on her dress.)

"Come back for me when it's all over, James", she'd said. "But...don't be too long. I can't wait forever."

"Yeah, that's why youse do eight hour shifts" slurred Dave blearily through a

mouthful of puke. Glaring at him, she turned on her heels and departed, muttering something about next time putting my animal on a leash.

In one glorious swoop Jane had put new purpose in my stride. I knew now that this was going to be my final case; once this mystery was solved, I was going back to sweep Jane off her feet and carry her off into the sunset. "I feel good, Dave", I said.

"Yeah?" said Dave. "I feel like I just drank a colostomy bag full of pus, myself".

Indeed. We were on the way to the one last lead left open to me. The presence of aliens on this case meant that the all—night Alternative Book store run by the Brothers of Spite at the corner of Fifth and Angst might offer some clues. The Broth-

ers specialised in 'Counter-Culture' literature, and combined their knowledge of this field with an incredibly bad attitude to almost everything, particularly book sales. They only bothered opening at all because it was in their Parole contract, but they did their best to ensure they weren't bothered by almost never unlocking the door. To highlight the point they were trying to make, they'd graffitied the wanky 'I Want To Believe' poster that hung dingily on the wall next to the steps that led up to their door by first crossing out the 'I Want To Be—' bit, and then, when this had proved too subtle, by scrawling underneath "Customers Fuck Off" in big purple crayon letters.

Finally we were there. My detective's hunch had paid off, and not merely because incorrect posture was a much cooler way of walking. The Book store was open; I'd had a feeling that the recalcitrant nature of the misanthropic Brothers Spite would encourage exactly these sort of trading hours— between 3 and 5 am.

Getting ready to enter, I considered asking the now dangerously sober Dave to wait outside. I had a number of subtle and tactical questions to ask them, and "Dave Snot", "subtlety", and "tact" occurred in the same sentence about as often as "Dalai", "DiCaprio", and "amphetamine—fuelled love—orgy". On the other hand, my previous experience with the Brothers had taught me that they weren't people to whom subtlety meant a great deal.

I stared up at the window of the bookshop. Somewhere, a clock chimed five.

We mounted the ominous stairs.

—Easter Sunday

last gasp

Taking An Ill Pill

Cough. Cough. Cough sneeze cough. Cough sneeze cough cough sneeze groan. Sneeze cough groan cough groan groan COUGH GROAN C O O O O O U G H EEEEEUUUEUEURGHHHHHAAAAHHHH!! God, doesn't the flu suck.. The aches, the pains, the shivers, the head—spins, the dorkig lige sub fuggig mania has driven a Mag Trug into your diduses... Christ, every year it's the same. I'm so bitter. Which is why, instead of making intelligent political comment on issues of relevance such as the NUS debate (oh bullshit: you're not sick of hearing about it. You're not; don't lie to me...) I've decided to whine my way through the column this issue by talking about the flu. Forget about writing in blood, this one, friends, is written in acrid green phlegm.

I was lucky this year, in a way: my workplace actually had people to (after bribes were offered) cover my shifts, so I didn't have to take it like a man and 'soldier on' like the little Aussie battler Johnny Codral wants you and I to be. No sirree; I lay on the couch, took my sixteen paracetamol a day and groaned like a fucking champion, secure in the knowledge that there is a reason that Mother Nature wants to build up my antibodies and work my immune system. So when the forthcoming super-flu arrives to decimate the population leaving only a few battle—scarred survivors you'll know who'll be laughing loudest of all at you vitamin—takers. Yeah, I'm talking to you, Multivit boy. (Oh, sure, scoff all you like: you can't fool me, buddy, I've read my *The Stand*: just remember: Stephen King isn't a writer, he's a fucken prophet, man.)

Yeah, well, momentary flashbacks of apocalyptic dementia aside, every cloud has, as they say, a silver lining (much like an over—used hanky), and there is a good side to being sick. Number one: four words that everyone knows and loves;

Cold and Flu Tablets. Oh yes. "Why, indeed, stout apothecary, I believe I will purchase some pharmaceuticals to 'get me through the day' as you say (heh, heh); yes, I'll take the Orthoxicol (for those extra vivid dreams) and the Actafed (just to take the edge off things) and the Sudafed (just, you know, for the sheer fucking hell of it) and consequently be speeding off my head within the short time it takes for me to walk

sofa, you're weak and tired because you can't eat, your attention span won't allow you to read anything more demanding than a bar code (and even then your aspirin—numbed brain can't quite grasp the relevance of the fifth number), the Miltonesque epic memoirs you began to write in a apopleptic fit of self—pity haven't progressed beyond "By an appalling twist of fate and thunder, yea, I was born: curse Satan and his black—winged legions", the



back to my room." Oh, yes.

Next: being sick for a week allows you to catch up on some much needed TV time. After all, what else are you good for? You're there on the

de-licious and overpriced ice cream your girlfriend bought you 'cause it's the only thing you can bear to swallow has melted its way through your amazing lukewarm

temperated fridge (talk about psychological devastation; I've harboured an intense prejudice against whitegoods ever since); lets face it, TV is the only thing you can cope with.

But golly you see some interesting stuff. For instance I was jerked to attention from my drool—stained pillow to witness the singular most shocking piece of sell—out whoring that I have yet experienced in the form of Buzz Aldrin helping sell — get this — walking machines. This is the man who walked on the moon., right? Buzz's words were, if I remember correctly, "the best walking experience I've had on this planet". Sharing company with Burt Newton's semen—drenched 'Buyers World', I concluded (trying not to be judgemental) that Buzz must need the money pretty fucking badly. Tsk, tsk.

On a happier note, I am extremely proud to report that Sesame St. is still as good as ever. I almost sent my bowels into a prolapse when Telly-Monster got turned into a fish; and as for the episode where Grover, Maria and Louis got past the bouncer to get into the exclusive '3-Club' (oh, put those disgusting thoughts out of your mind, this is Sesame St for Christ's sake)... I tell you, the 3-Club was that effective a playground translation of the Viper Club, fair dinkum I half— expected to see Oscar the Grouch writhing and convulsing in the corner. But, in what has been, to my knowledge, the most profound alteration to the 'Street' since Snuffleupogus was discovered by the grown—ups to be real and not merely a product of Big Bird's coke—addled imagination, you will be stunned to hear that the number counting has progressed beyond twelve into the teens, I kid you fucken not. The episode I saw was presented by the number fifteen, no less. Amazing stuff, no?

Praise the sweet—aired street: sunny days, sweeping my illiteracy away. Cough, cough... gotta go. My pseudoethedrine is calling.

—East der Sunday

Monday

Monday

Monday

Monday

Monday

Monday 8 Monday 9

S S M T W T F S S M T W T F S S M T W T F S S M T W T F S S
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29

S S M T W T F S S M T W T F S S M T W T F S S M T W T F S S
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

NEED SOME ENERGY TO GET THROUGH THE DAY?

